

© 1916

SKYLINE



Frances Jo Ann Yount







Page

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*Editor, Kitty McCormick*

*Business Mgr., Rusty Twing*



*Waynesboro High School*

*The*  
**1946**  
**SKYLINE**



Waynesboro Public Library  
600 South Wayne Ave.  
Waynesboro, VA 22980

*Publication by Students of*  
*Waynesboro High School*  
**WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA**



# *Foreword*

We are standing on the threshold of a new day. There are many problems facing us and many changes to be made just as there were in the years gone before.

Because we wish to remember the problems as well as the fun and fellowship we had in those by gone years, we present the 1946 SKYLINE.



We, the Senior Class of 1946, do dedicate this annual to Miss Kitty Bush, whose efforts have helped to make our work successful.

# *Dedication*

# *In Memoriam*



In loving memory of our classmate, Charles  
Edward Campbell, who died January 11, 1946.

We have missed the sound of your footsteps  
And your voice since you have been gone.  
And though we no longer see you,  
In our hearts you still linger on.





# *Administration*





ELLEN BENNETT  
History, Biology

*Ellen Bennett*



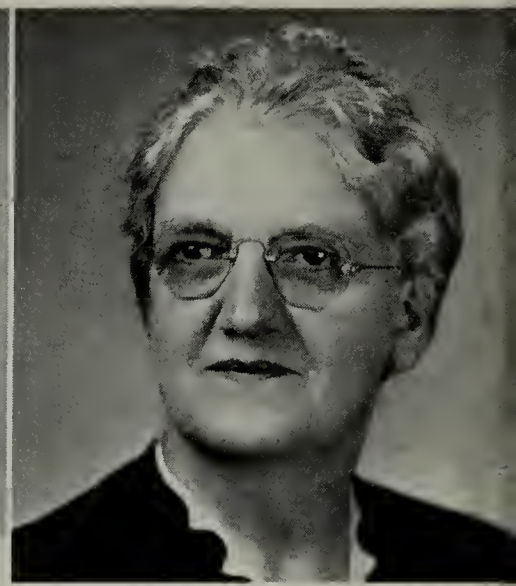
DORIS BUHRMAN  
Latin, English, History

*Best wishes Doris Buhrman*



CAROLYN CARTER  
Librarian

*Best wishes Carolyn Carter*



ETHEL DAVIES  
Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics

# F A C U



WILLIAM DELONG  
English, History, Assistant Coach

*Best wishes Wm. DeLong*



LESLIE GIBBS  
Diversified Occupations, History

*Leslie Gibbs*

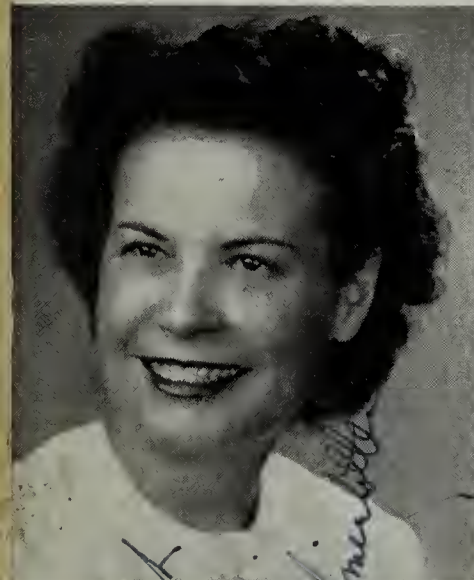


SELMA GIVENS  
Home Economics



MARY GREENE  
English

*Very best wishes M. Greene*



DOROTHY HELMINTOLLER  
English, Algebra, Geometry

*My best wishes D. Helmintoller*



LOIS HESTER  
Physical Education

*Best wishes Lois Hester*



JAMES LEITCH  
Physical Education

*Best wishes James Leitch*



QUENTIN PIDCOCK  
Industrial Arts

*Q. Pidcock*





EDITH SNIDOW  
Music



MAMIE SNOW  
Mathematics



DAISY SNYDER  
English, History



ELIZABETH SQUIRES  
Commercial Studies

# L T Y



ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND  
Science



KITTY SUTHERLAND  
Spanish, Social Studies



IRENE TRAINUM  
Secretary



JANICE WILKERSON  
Visiting Teacher



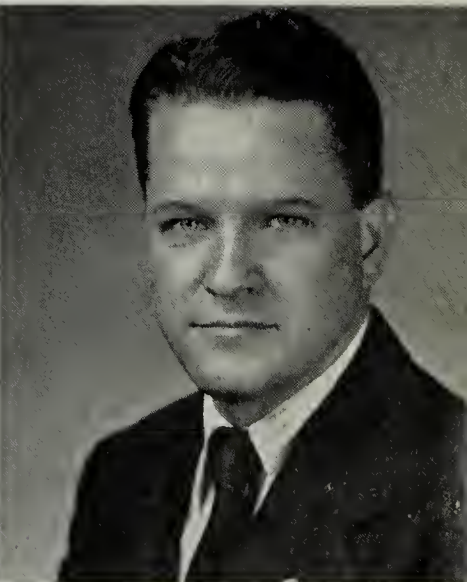
RUTH WILLIS  
English, History



MARGARET WINCHESTER  
English, History, French



OLIVE WISE  
English, History



RAYMOND YODER  
Art





1



2



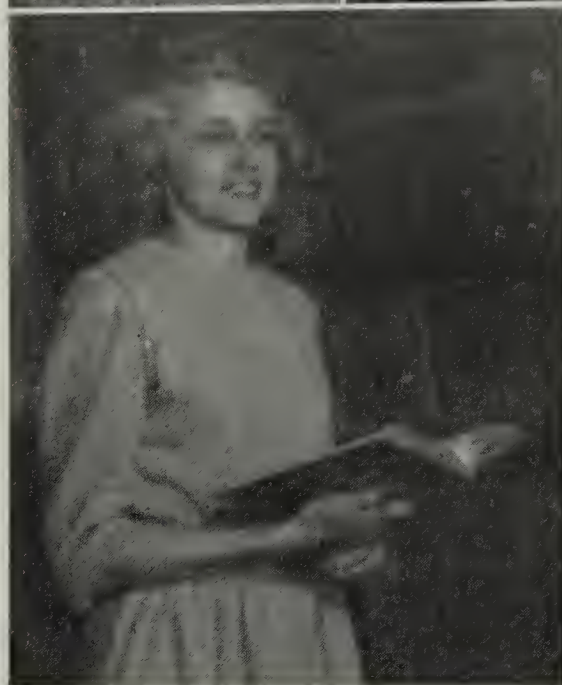
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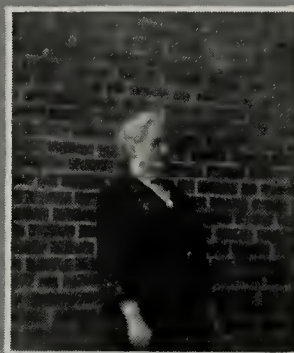
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5



6



7



8



89

# FACULTY

1. "Home Ec."

2. "Buhrman and Snidow"

3. "Books and more Books"

4. "In the brig"

5. "Professor"

6. "English Greene"

7. "Friend to All"

8. "Coach"

9. "L.G. rather MP"

# Classes



BURNS





## Senior Class Officers

*President* ..... PETE KERN  
*Vice-President* ..... BOB BURNS  
*Secretary-Treasurer* ..... KITTY McCORMICK



Good luck  
to a basketball  
teammate  
Love,  
Kitty



Let's  
to give  
love

East-sider  
It's been  
swell  
that is.  
Be see in ya  
J. Knapp

## Senior Annual Staff

Editor.....	KITTY McCORMICK
Business Manager.....	RUSTY TWING
Art Editor.....	BOB BURNS
Advertising Manager.....	GIP LEE GIBSON
Circulation Manager.....	PEGGY KNAPP
Sports Editor.....	HANNAH MOORE
Literary Editor.....	MARY BETSY PHARR
Club Editor.....	VIRGINIA ROSS





LOIS ALDRIDGE

Love me little—love me long.

BETTY ALLEN

She's little, she's wise, she's a corker for her size.

MARY LOUISE ALPHIN

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

EVELYN ARNOLD

As merry as the day is long.

ANN BEST

She smiles and every heart is glad.

MABLE BURNETT

Fair words never hurt the tongue.



BOB BURNS

Washington is dead; Lincoln is dead; many great men are dying. In fact, I don't feel so well myself.

CHARLES CAMPBELL

It matters not how long you live, but how well.

RUBY CARR

Quiet, studious, and sweet.

JUNE CHANDLER

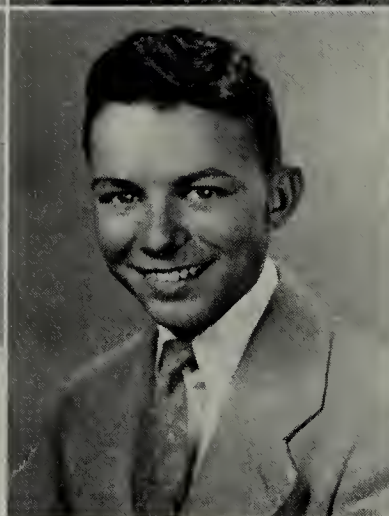
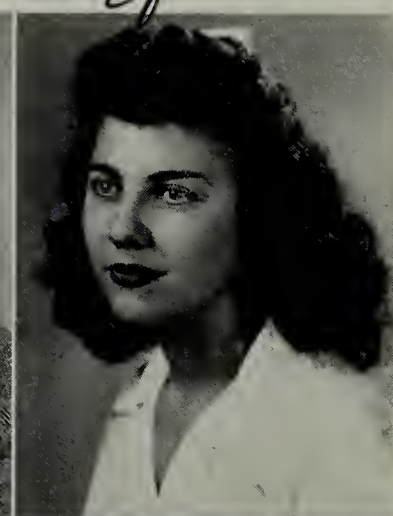
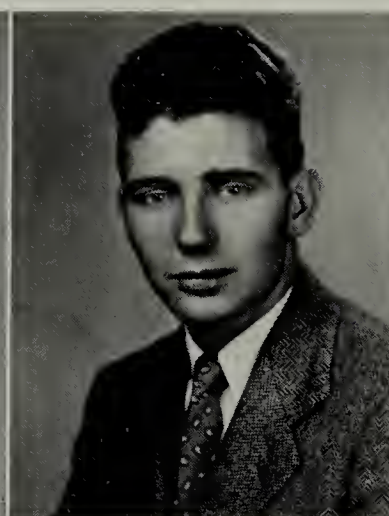
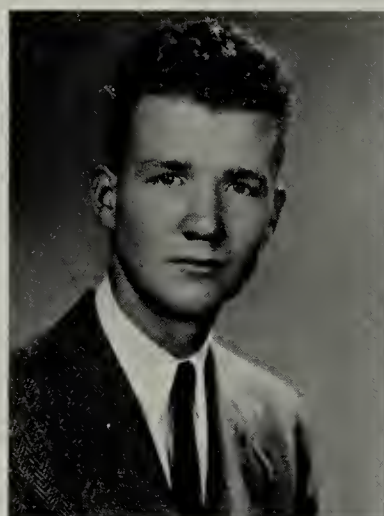
Better late than never.

KIRKLEY CLINE

Old Kirk is a fine old chap; he goes with a fair dame—Whenever there's accusing to done, he always get the blame.

ELIZABETH COFFEY

And her hair was so charmingly curled.



Best of luck  
Always to a  
sweet girl  
June.

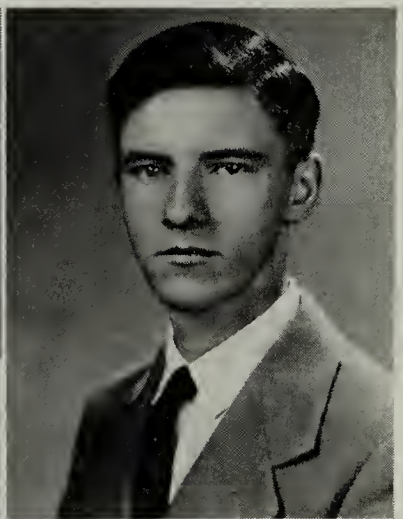
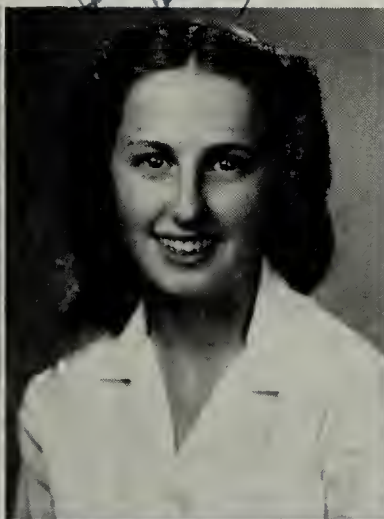
I love  
you.  
Kirk



*Good luck to you  
Good luck to you  
Good luck to you*

*Best of luck  
always*

ORDELLA COLEMAN  
Precious things come in small packages.



THELMA CRITZER  
I never found the companion that was as companionable as solitude.

BILL DAMERON  
I have no secret of success but hard work.

MARTHA DIEHL  
Individuality is the salt of life.



GRAHAM DRIVER  
But oh, she dances such a way, no sun upon an Easter Day is half so fine a sight.

PETE EAST  
The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

*Good luck to the "Tom Boy"*

*Good luck and happiness always*

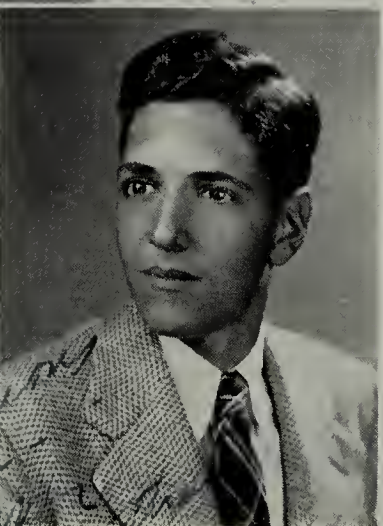
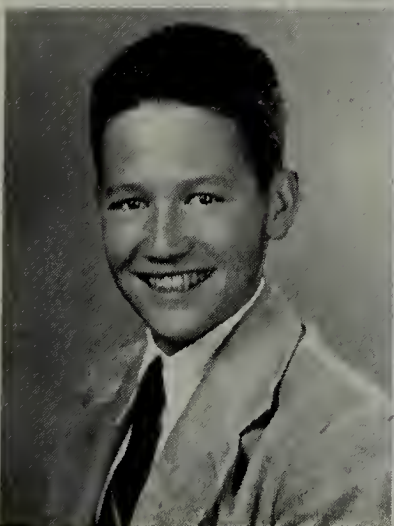
*Remember the good times we have had (see down)*



FRANCES FISHER  
True to herself, true to her friends, and true to duty always.

JACKIE FITZGERALD  
Never do today what you can do next week.

AUDRA FRASHER  
Say it with music.



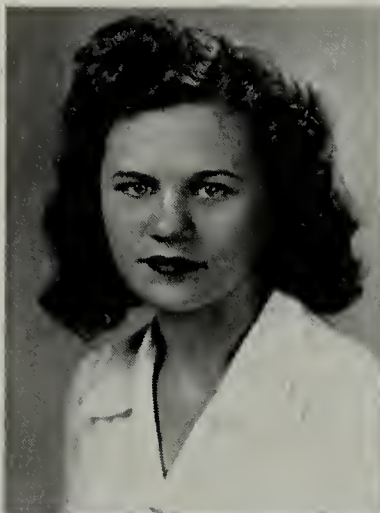
GIP GIBSON  
I can be pushed just so far.

MARY SUE GOCHENOUR  
Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other.

ALLEN HADEN  
God forbid that I should go to a heaven in which there are no horses.

*going to miss you  
but your presence  
will be with me  
in my room  
By: Susan*





LEATRICE HALL

In thy face I see the map of  
honor, truth, and loyalty.

SYLVIA HALTERMAN

Although she keeps herself  
aloof  
And always out of reach,  
This is not sufficient proof  
That Sylvia is not a peach.

VIVIAN HENDERSON

A gal's reputation is more  
valuable than money.



GLORIA HICKS

The only way to have a friend  
is to be one.

ELIZABETH HITT

Earnest and likeable  
Though a bit shy  
Until you discover the twink-  
ling in her eye.

FRANCIS HUGHES

Speak of Jacob's ladder and he  
will ask the number of steps.

JAMES JOHNS

Handsome is as handsome does.

JUANITA JONES

She laughs and the world  
laughs with her.

BETTE JOHNSON

Eat, drink and be merry.

ERNEST KERN

Ernest Kern is good in his  
books;  
He works out the brain rack-  
ing stuff.  
He refuses to tell us just how  
it's done  
So we've decided it's only a  
bluff.

KAY KINSER

A think of beauty is a joy  
forever.

EMMA JEAN KITE

It is one of the greatest bless-  
ings that so many women are  
so full of tact.





*Wishing you  
lots of love  
and*

PEGGY KNAPP

Born with a gift of laughter  
and a sense that the world is  
mad.

CARL LANDES

A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock  
scholar.

NAOMI LINK

I believe that in the end truth  
will conquer.

ALLAN LONAS

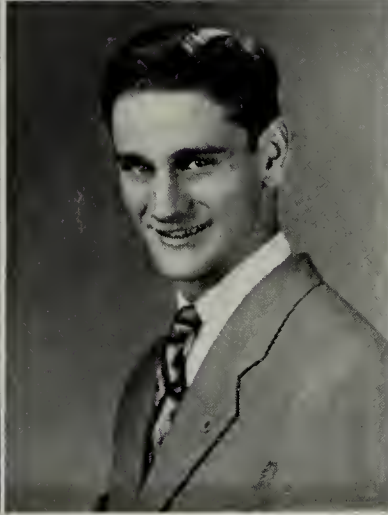
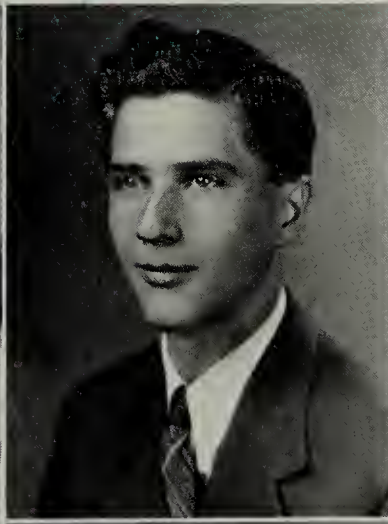
Patience is a remedy for every  
sorrow.

WATSON LONAS

Language is the dress of  
thought.

KATHERINE MCCORMICK

Cleave to that which is good.



FRANCES MILLER

Nothing is impossible to a  
willing heart.

BERNICE MOORE

A light heart lives long.

BETTY MOORE

Good will is the mightiest,  
practical force in the universe.

HANNAH MOORE

Where there's a will, there's  
a way.

CHARLENE MORRIS

Be satisfied with nothing but  
your best.

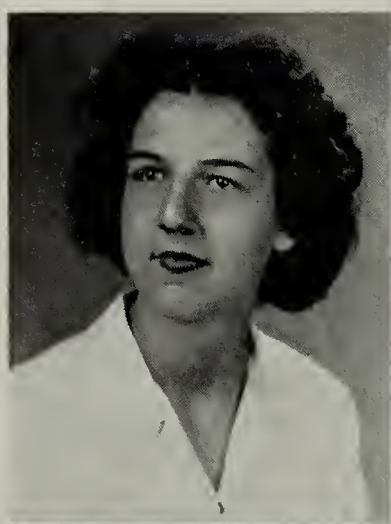
JAUNITA MYRTLE

She never speaks before she  
thinks.



*never forget  
the fun in 202  
Mary Betsy*

*Remember me  
to all  
in French  
Betsy*



MARY BETSY PHARR  
I would not waste the spring-  
time of my youth in idle dalli-  
ance.

BILLY PHIPPS  
But when he speaks, what elo-  
cution flows.

JEAN PITTMAN  
She has a kind word for every-  
one.

BETTY PLUMMER  
Reason is the life of law.

JACKIE QUICK  
But not alone in the silken  
snare, did she catch her lovely  
flowing hair.

JEAN REEVES  
The power of poetry, thought,  
and the magic of winds.

*Best of luck,  
Jean*

*Good luck  
to you,  
Jackie*

*Lot of luck  
Jean  
Good luck  
to you  
Jackie*

*Lots of success  
"Ginger"*

RICHARD REID  
A progeny of learning.

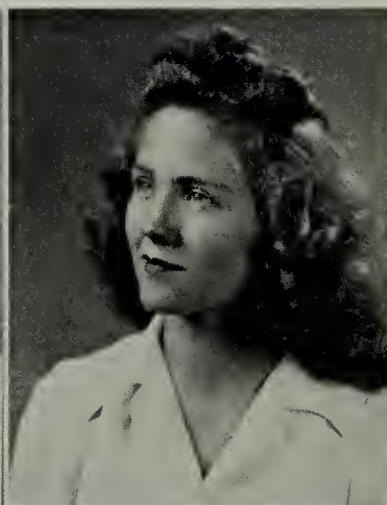
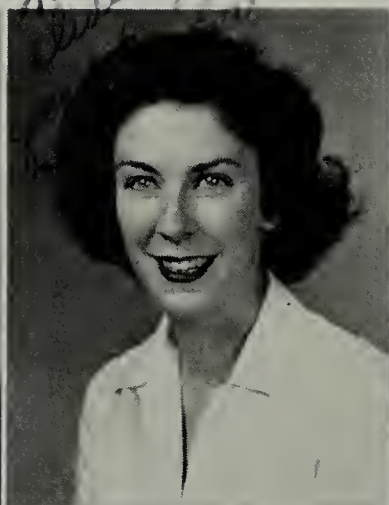
VIRGINIA ROGERS  
'Tis good to be merry—wise.

VIRGINIA ROSS  
As upright as the cedar.

VIRGINIA SAUNDERS  
Her ways are the ways of  
pleasantness and all her paths  
are peace.

CLINTON SHOWERS  
We grant although he had  
much wit,  
He was very shy of using it.

WANDA TALLY  
We have loved her for her  
beauty.



*Good luck  
young  
men & women  
friends.  
Love  
Jo*

HOW!

*Good luck  
to you  
Jackie  
Jean  
Wanda  
Clinton  
Virginia  
Richard*



Good luck to a success person Charlotte

Good luck

VIOLET TANNER  
This little lady may be small;  
but does it matter? Not at all!

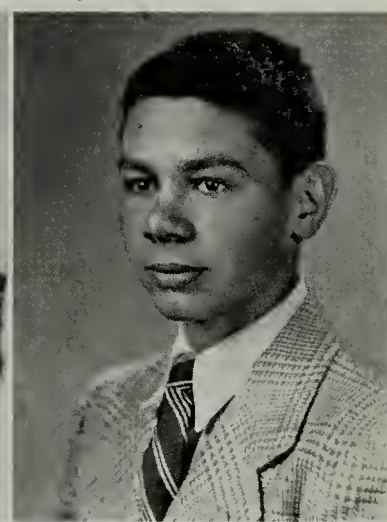
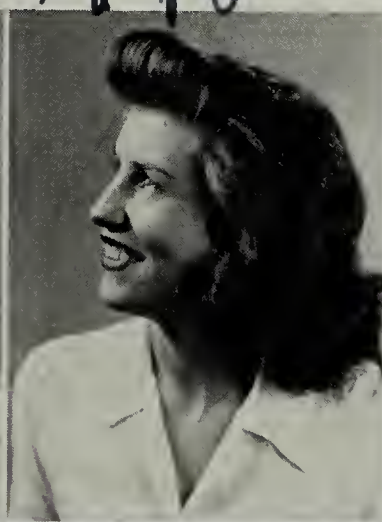
CHARLOTTE TAYLOR  
She has no malice in her mind.

MAC TERRY  
Life is a game that must be  
played.

MARY ANN TRIESCHMANN  
There was a star that danced,  
and under that was I born.

RUSTY TWING  
Work first and then rest.

BETTY VIA  
Where the willingness is great,  
the difficulties cannot be great.



Good luck Mary Ann

Good luck from an old married woman

Best of wishes to you always Love Billie Jean

Best luck always Peggy Meyer



BILLIE JEAN VINES  
With all your faults we love  
you still.

ANN YANCEY  
A real heart-breaker with dates  
by the score;  
When she settles down, we'll  
wonder no more.

JO ANN YOUNT  
They will not ask if you won  
or lost, but how you played  
the game.

NOT PICTURED

PEGGY DRUMHELLER

WOODY HERRON





1



2



3

# Senior Who's Who

## *Most Studious*

- 1 Bill Dameron  
Mary Betsy Pharr

## *Wittiest*

- 2 Peggy Knapp  
Kirkley Cline

## *Best Sport*

- 3 Kitty McCormick  
Woody Herron

## *Best Looking*

- 4 James Johns  
Wanda Talley

## *Best Athlete*

- 5 Woody Herron  
Hannah Moore

## *Best All-Around*

- Pete Kern  
6 Kitty McCormick

## *Most Likely to Succeed*

- Mary Betsy Pharr  
7 Bill Dameron

## *Most Popular Teacher*

- Leslie Gibbs  
8 Doris Buhrman

## *Quietest*

- Bill Dameron  
9 Thelma Critzer

## *Laziest*

- 10 Jo Ann Yount  
Francis Hughes

## *Best Personality*

- 11 Wanda Talley  
Bob Burns



4



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6



7

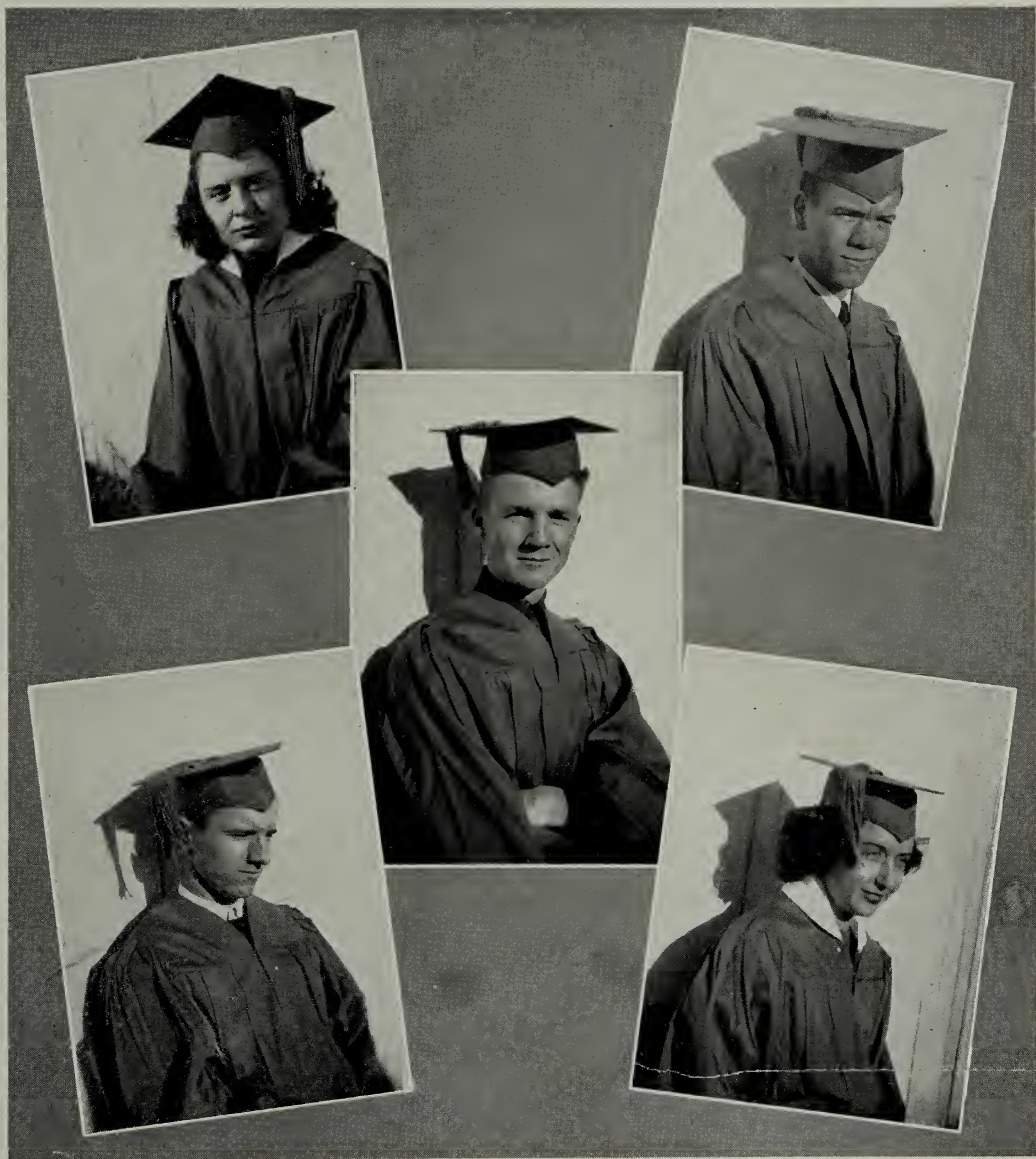


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# Senior Hall of Fame



KATHERINE McCORMICK

PETE KERN

BOB BURNS

BILL DAMERON

MARY SUE GOCHENOUR





## SENIORS

- |                         |                                     |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. "Breezy"             | 7. "How's school?"                  |
| 2. "Is it good, girls?" | 8. "Betsy and Boots"                |
| 3. "Dreamie-eyed"       | 9. "Meatball"                       |
| 4. "Flab"               | 10. "Girls Supply-Approved!"        |
| 5. "Trying Trio"        | 11. "What's cooking, good-looking?" |
| 6. "Words fail us"      | 12. "Just girls"                    |



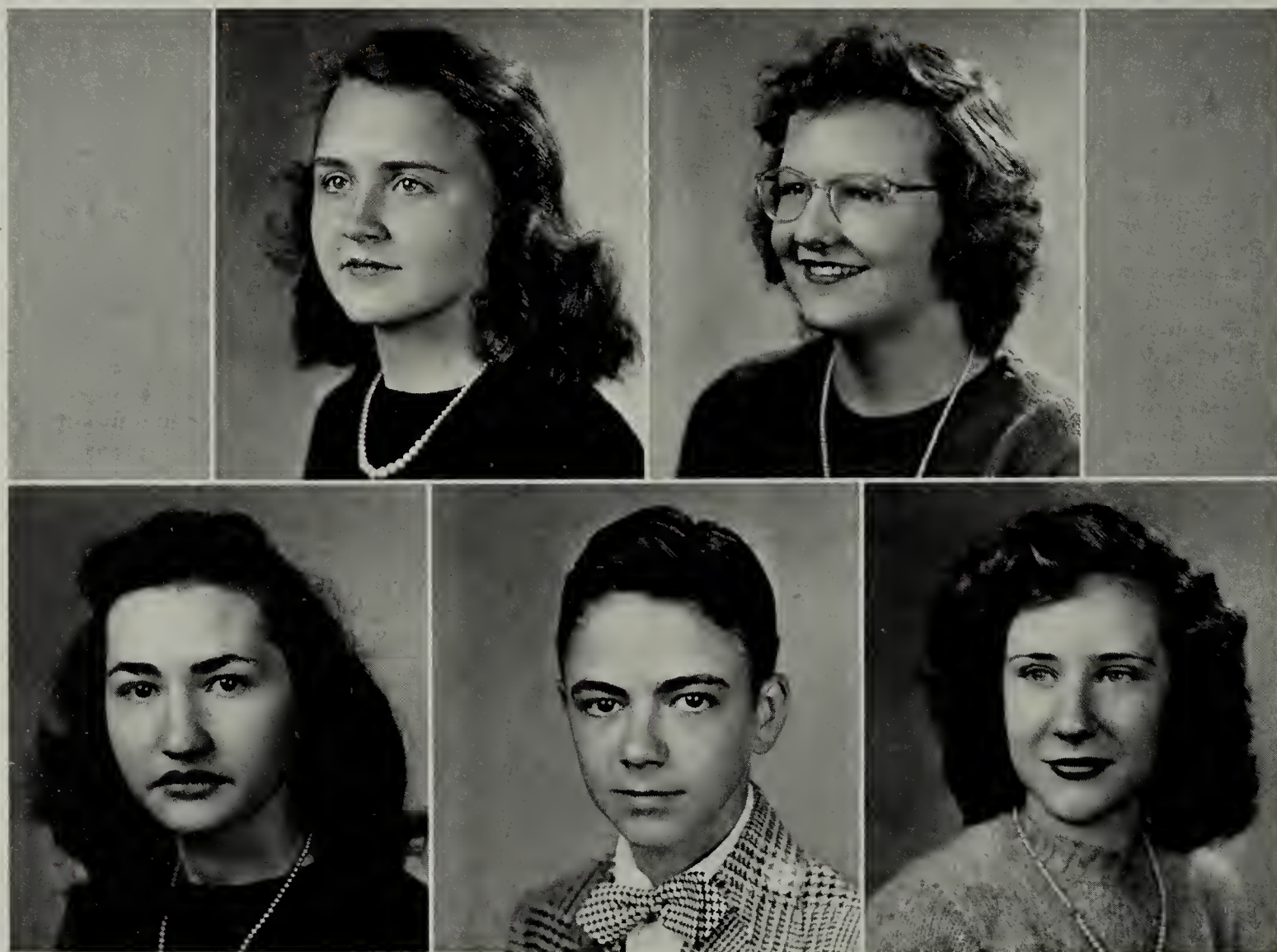


## *Junior Class Officers*

*President*..... EDDIE CHILDS

*Vice-President*..... HAL GRUVER

*Secretary-Treasurer*..... HELEN BATEMAN



## *Junior Annual Staff*

*Editor*..... MARGARET CRITZER

*Business Manager*..... JOAN COYNER

*Literary Editor*..... LEONA ARMENTROUT

*Art Editor*..... JACKIE DARNELL

*Circulation Manager*..... FRANK WILLIAMS



Bobby Antrobus

Lenoa Armentrout

Milnes Austin

George Baker

*Here's luck to a  
sweet girl. "Pinkie"*  
LaNoma Baker

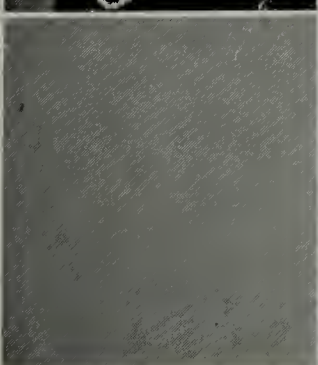
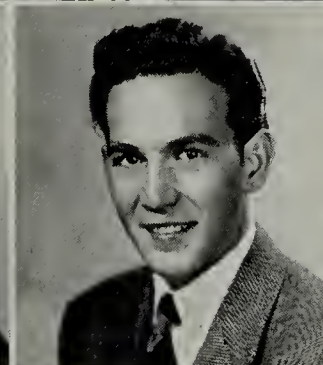
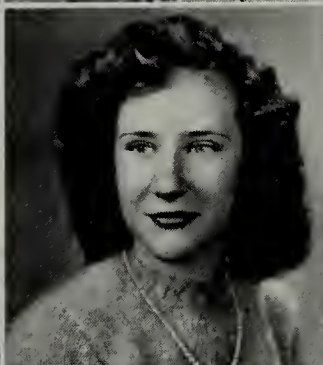
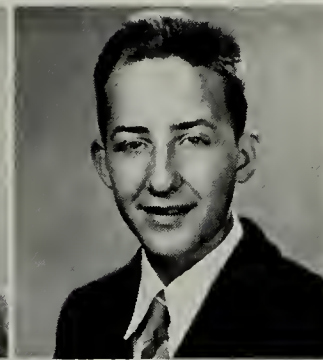
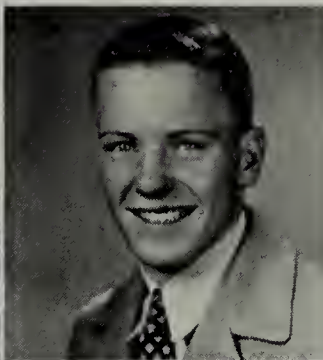
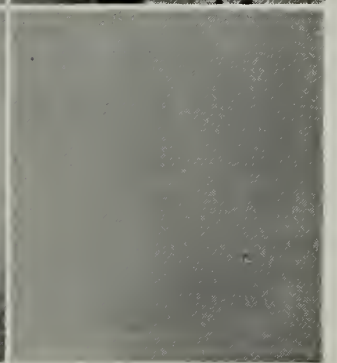
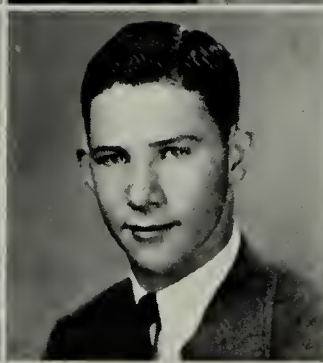
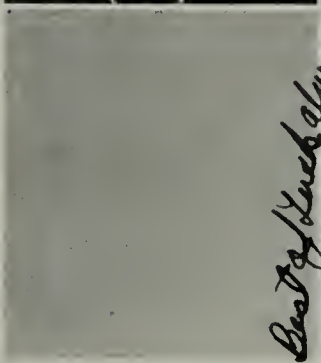
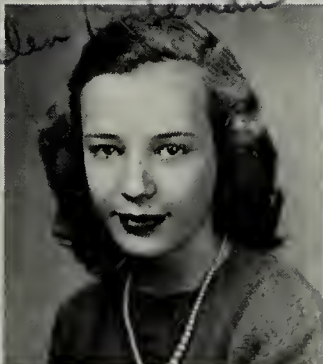
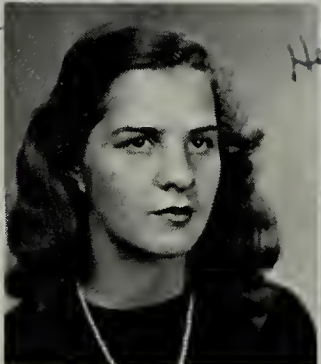
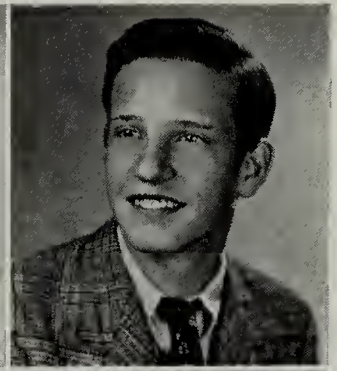
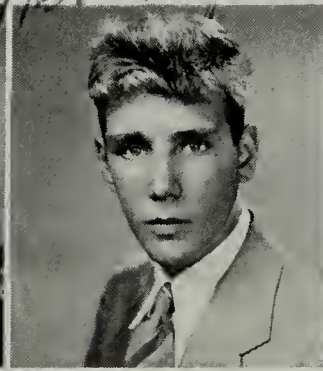
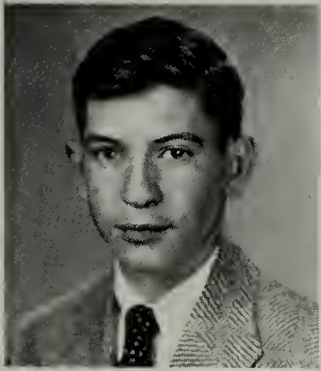
Helen Bateman

Gloris Beahm

Donald Beverage

Mary Bloss

Charles Bones



Delores Burnett

Eddie Childs

Joan Coyner

Daley Craig

Margaret Critzer

Jackie Darnell

Alice Davis

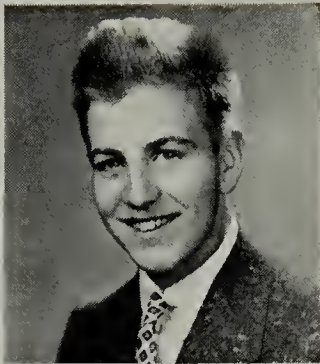
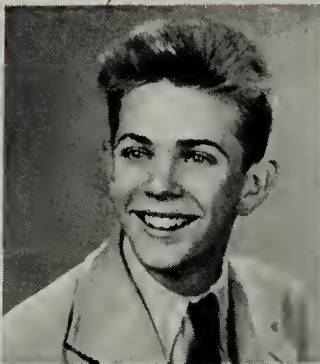
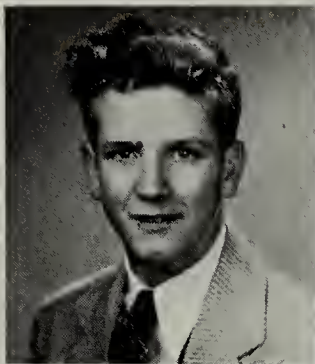
Marshall Davis

Anna Dedrick

Dolly Dedrick



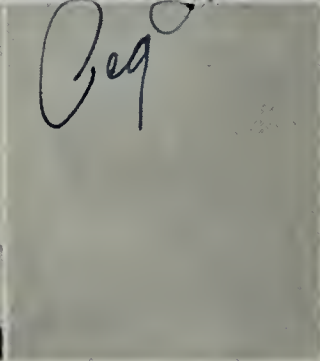
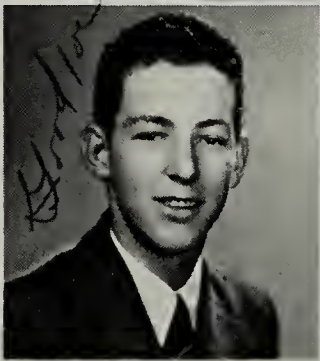
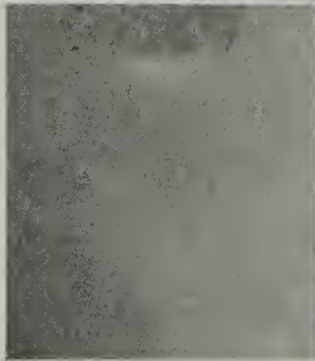
*Ed Dinwiddie*



Jimmy Dedrick  
Lillian Diehl  
Eddie Dinwiddie  
Arthur Engman



Ida Fisher  
Catherine Fitzgerald  
Betsy Freed  
Peggy Freed



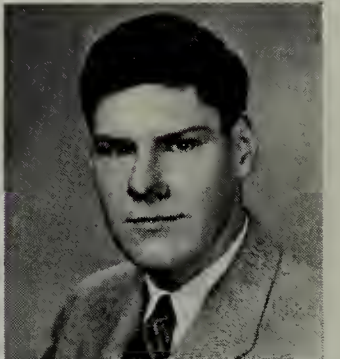
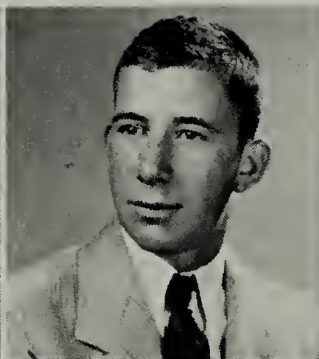
Robert Goodloe  
Louise Griggs

Frances Grissom

Howell Gruver

Mary Hammer

Edward Haney

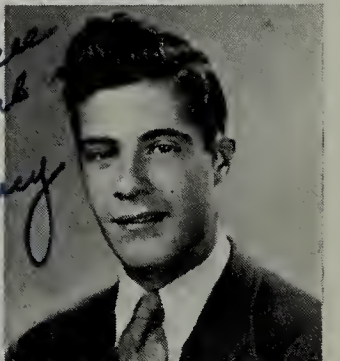
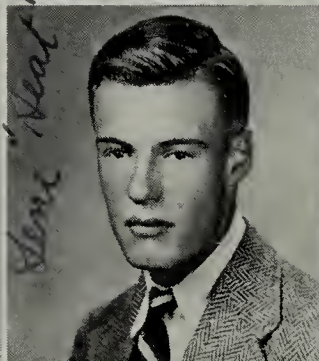
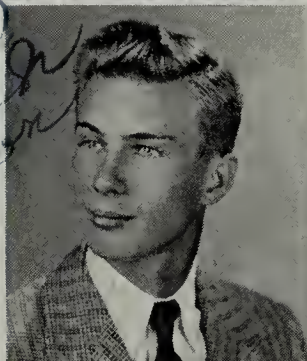


Donald Hanger

Gene Heatwole

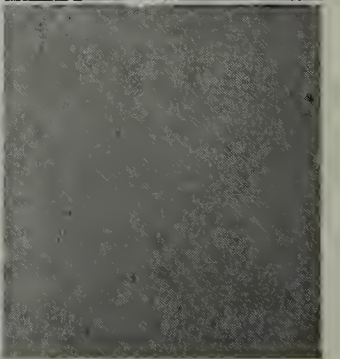
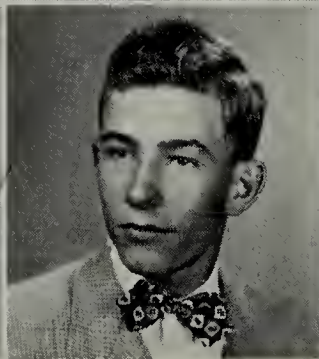
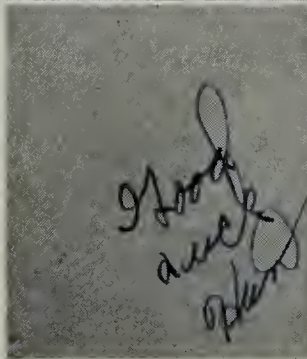
Lucille Henderson

Colin Hintze



Bernard Hunt

Helen Jones



*Good luck Frances Grissom*

*Good luck Gene Heatwole*

*Good luck Colin Hintze*

*Good luck Helen Jones*



*lots of luck  
in the wide world  
today.*

Bill Kinder  
Jody Knapp  
Carl Lamb  
Edythe Landes  
  
William Landes  
Patricia Lilly  
Tommy Lotts  
Jean Lucas  
  
Betty McCauley  
Nancy McCracken



*Look and  
stuff!  
your friend*

*"Alumni"  
Taming  
Don't forget W.H.S.  
Nancy*

*Good luck  
today!*



Mabel McCrary  
Dudley Morris  
Harold Moyer  
Geraldine Neighbors  
William Peterson  
Agnes Pforr  
Sarah Plumb  
Billy Quesenberg

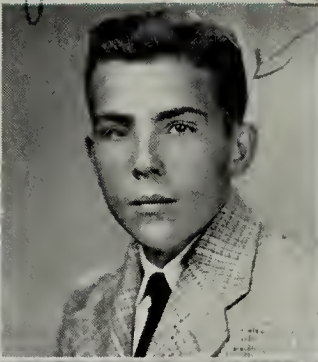
*To a nice  
girl - Sarah*

Betty Quillen  
David Rittenhouse

*To her and  
saying you  
but what I  
want to say  
is that I  
love you  
and I  
will love  
you  
forever  
and  
always  
I  
love  
you  
and  
I  
will  
love  
you  
forever  
and  
always*



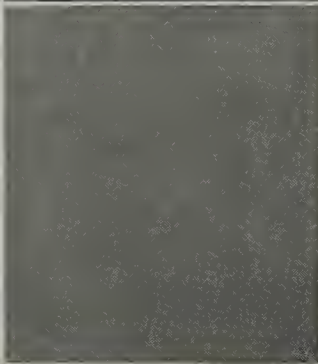
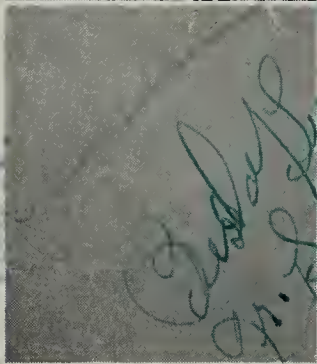
*To a swell girl  
Jack Ryman*



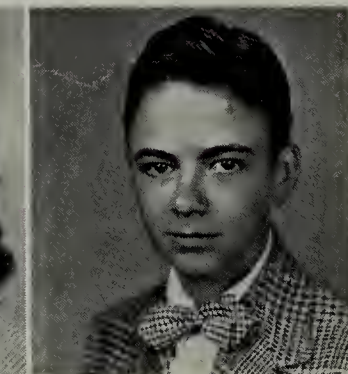
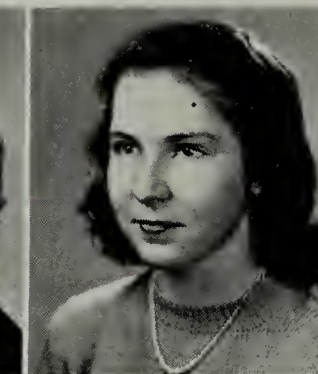
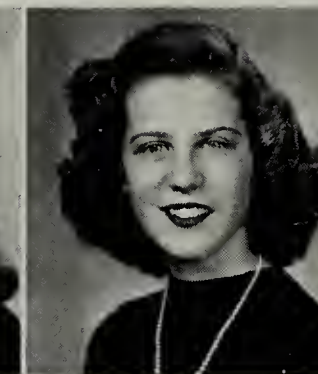
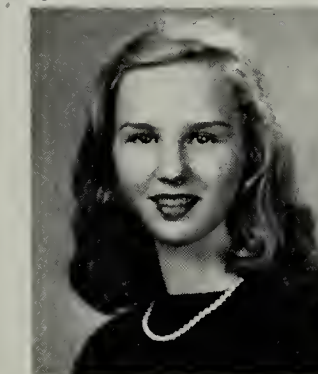
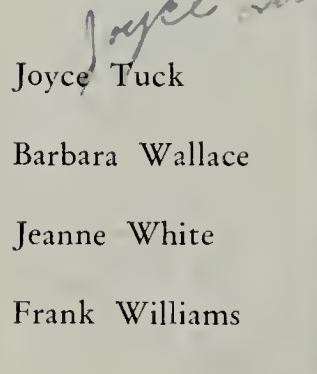
Jean Roberts  
Jack Ryman  
Herbert Schwab  
Jean Sheffield



Carl Shumate  
Peggy Smith  
Jean Spradlin  
Mabel Teter



Homer Tomes  
Betty Tomey



Joyce Tuck  
Barbara Wallace  
Jeanne White  
Frank Williams

*Good luck  
and lots of  
happiness  
to a swell girl  
Jeanne*

NOT PICTURED:

Bobby Barnes

Ruby Dempsey

Rudolph Fitzgerald

Richard Kidd

Jimmy Bratton

Phylis Eppard

Arthur Hodge

Massie Wright

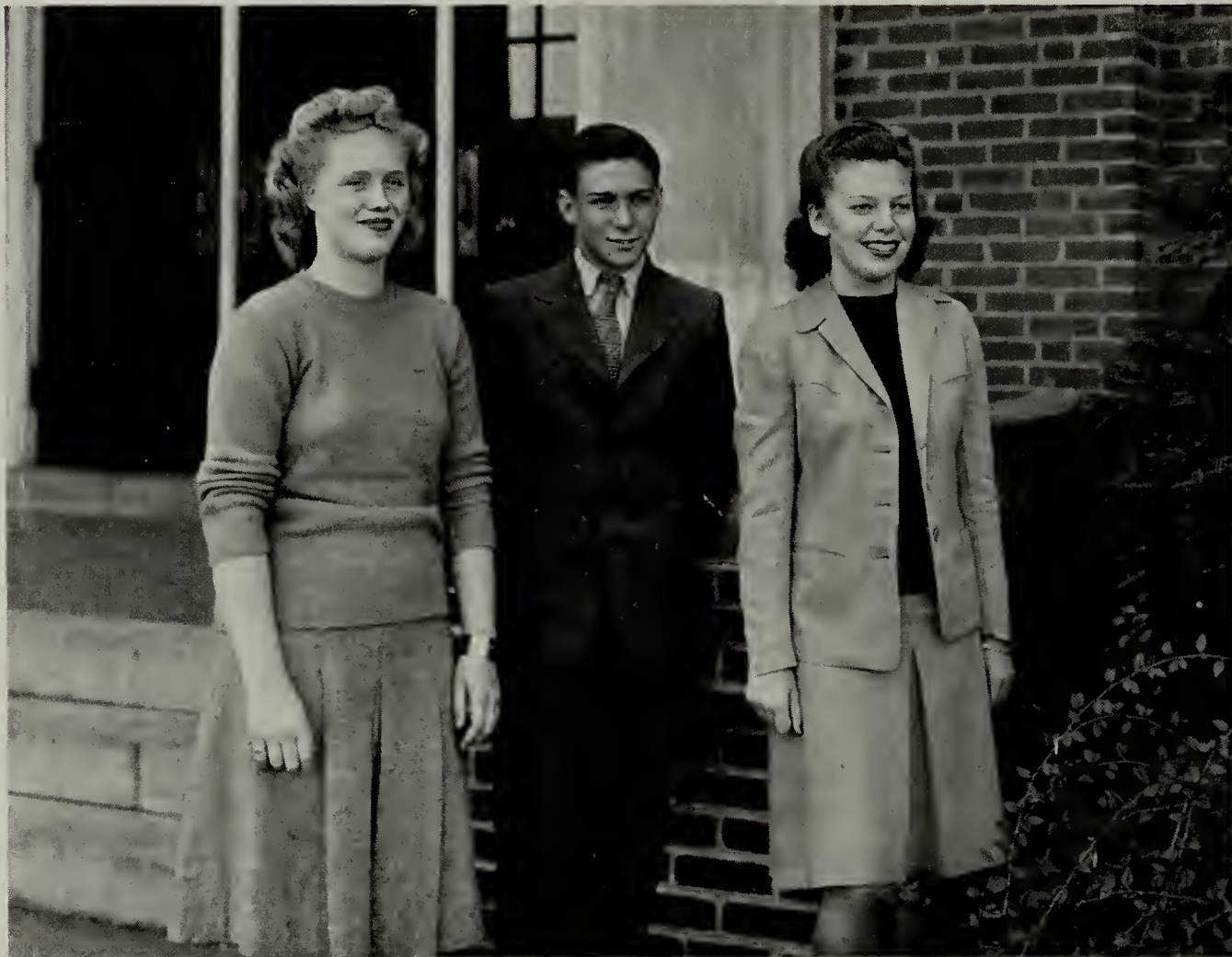




## JUNIORS

1. "Edythe"
2. "Leaning on the wind"
3. "Stars"
4. "Friends?"
5. "Grusome Twosome"
6. "We Three"
7. "West Virginia"
8. "Sleepy-eyes"
9. "Words fail me"
10. "Nick, Jr."
11. "How'd that happen?"
12. "Typical"
13. "Acrobats?"
14. "Horrible!"





## *Paphamare Class Officers*

*President*..... ANN GREAYER

*Vice-President*..... WINIFRED FITZGERALD

*Secretary-Treasurer*..... RUTH VIRGINIA MAIER



loads of  
luck,  
Ginny

Love to you  
girl  
Barbara



I've always  
like your loads,  
so good.  
luck

Marianne

## Sophomore Annual Staff

Editor.....BINFORD CHEW

Business Manager.....BARBARA COHN

Art Editor.....LOIS FURR

Literary Editor.....MARIANNE SHUMATE

NOT PICTURED:

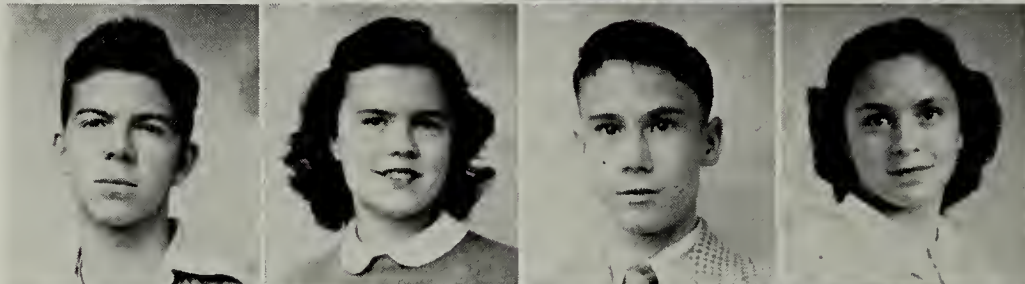
Circulation Manager.....JOAN HANGER



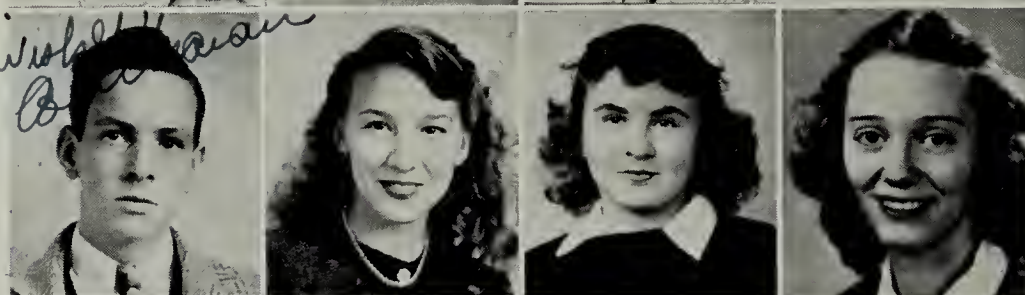
*is a wonderful friend*  
*Ruby*



Leonard Aldridge  
Carl Almarode  
Janet Altice  
Ruby Arnold



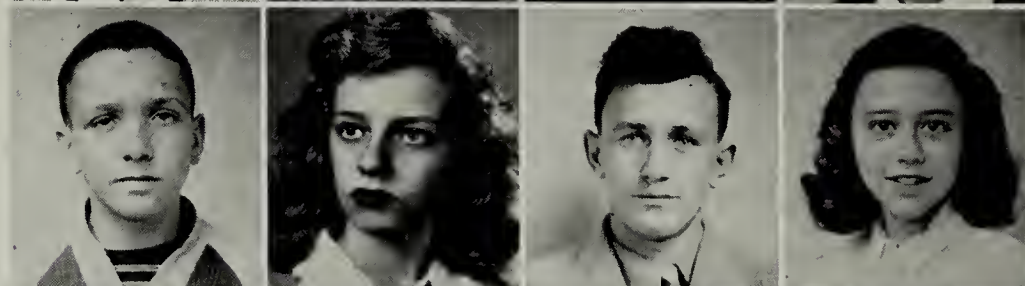
Gene Baber  
Jean Birdsong  
Wayne Brockenbrough  
Dorothy Bryan



Phil Buchanan  
Frances Campbell  
Jo Ann Canada  
Binford Chew

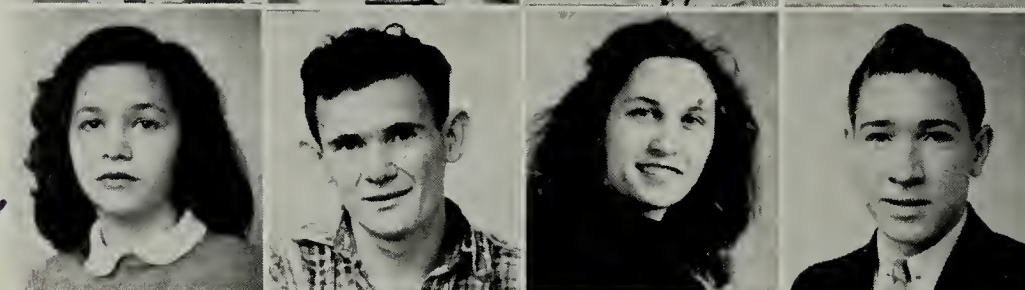
*Best wish to you  
Phil Buchanan*

*Tommy, "Sportie", "Spartie", "Spartie"*



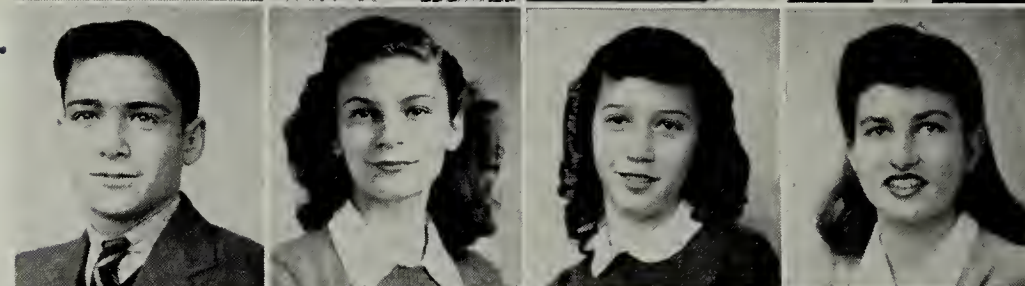
Kenneth Coffey  
Barbara Cohn  
James Craun  
Dorothy Davis

*Good luck to you  
Jo Ann!*  
*Dorothy*

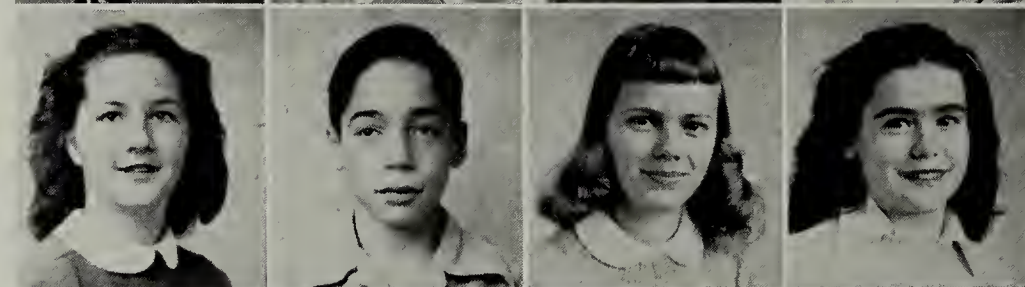


Sally Ann Ellis  
Jack Fisher  
Kathryn Fisher  
Howard Fitzgerald

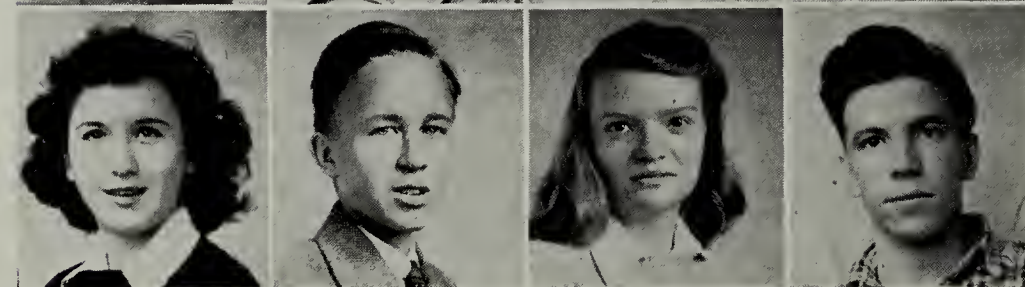
*Best of luck  
Winifred*



Winifred Fitzgerald  
Irma Fitzpatrick  
Hazel Fleeman  
Lois Furr



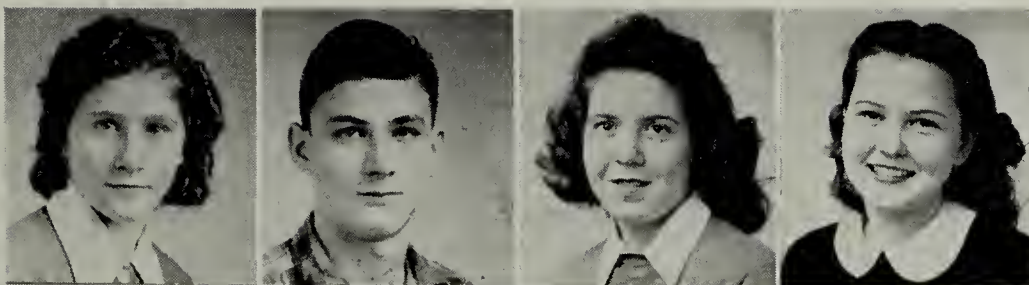
Gene Garst  
Jay Grossman  
Joan Hanger  
Mazie Hanger



Mary Louise Harry  
Lemuel Irvin  
Shirley Johnson  
Jimmy Johnston

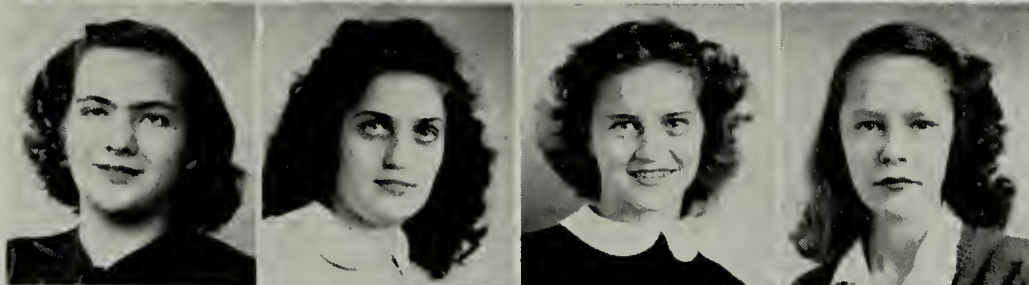


Mary Kennedy  
 Pickford Kennedy  
 Juanita Keyser  
 Helen Kinser

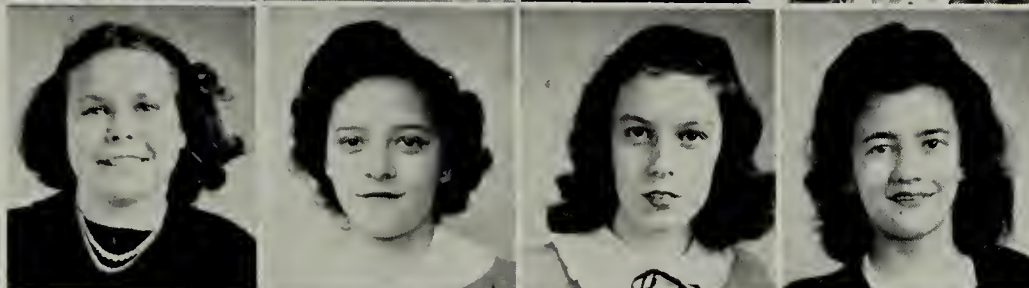


*Let's  
 Luck  
 Remember  
 P.C. Jones  
 Shirley*

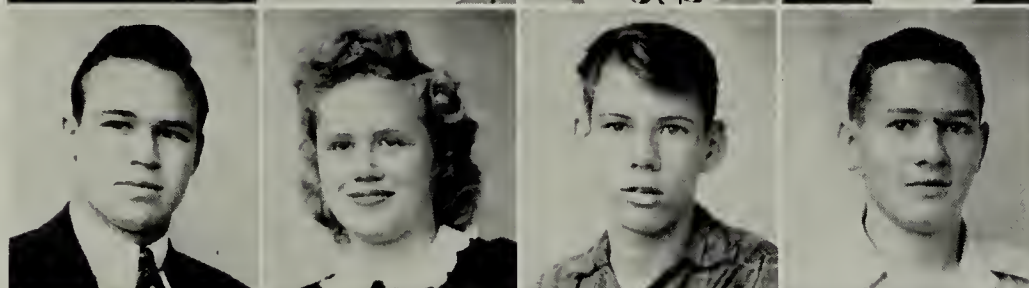
Janet Knicely  
 Gertrude Lamb  
 Peggy Lamb  
 Shirley Larsen



Sue Lawless  
 Ruth Lucas  
 Anne McDaniel  
 Nina McGann

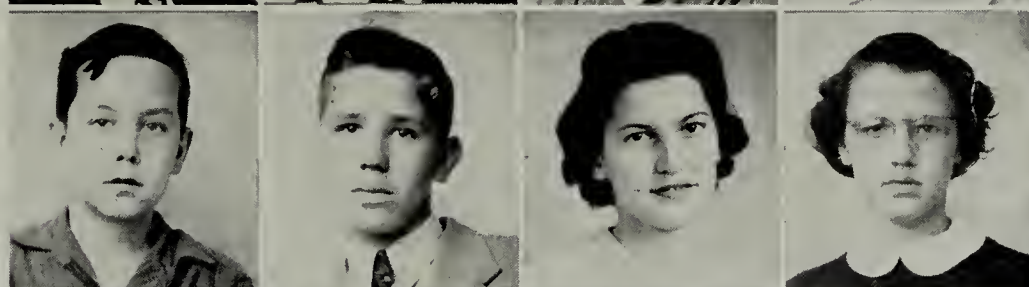


J. S. McMillan  
 Ruth Maier  
 Clemmer Matheny  
 Douglas Matheny



*Good Luck  
 "P.V."*

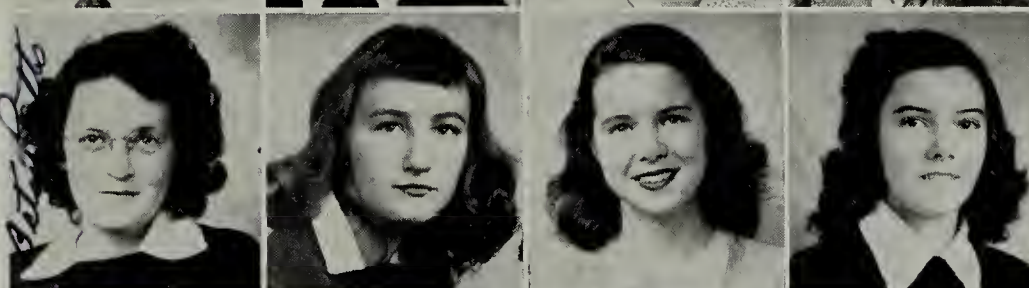
Melvin Mays  
 Bobby Moore  
 Delores Moyer  
 Peggy Moyer



Melvin Niedentohl  
 Margaret Parnell  
 Raymond Parnell  
 Robert Pleasants



Betsy Potts  
 Betty Lou Powell  
 Jackie Quesenbery  
 Frances Quick



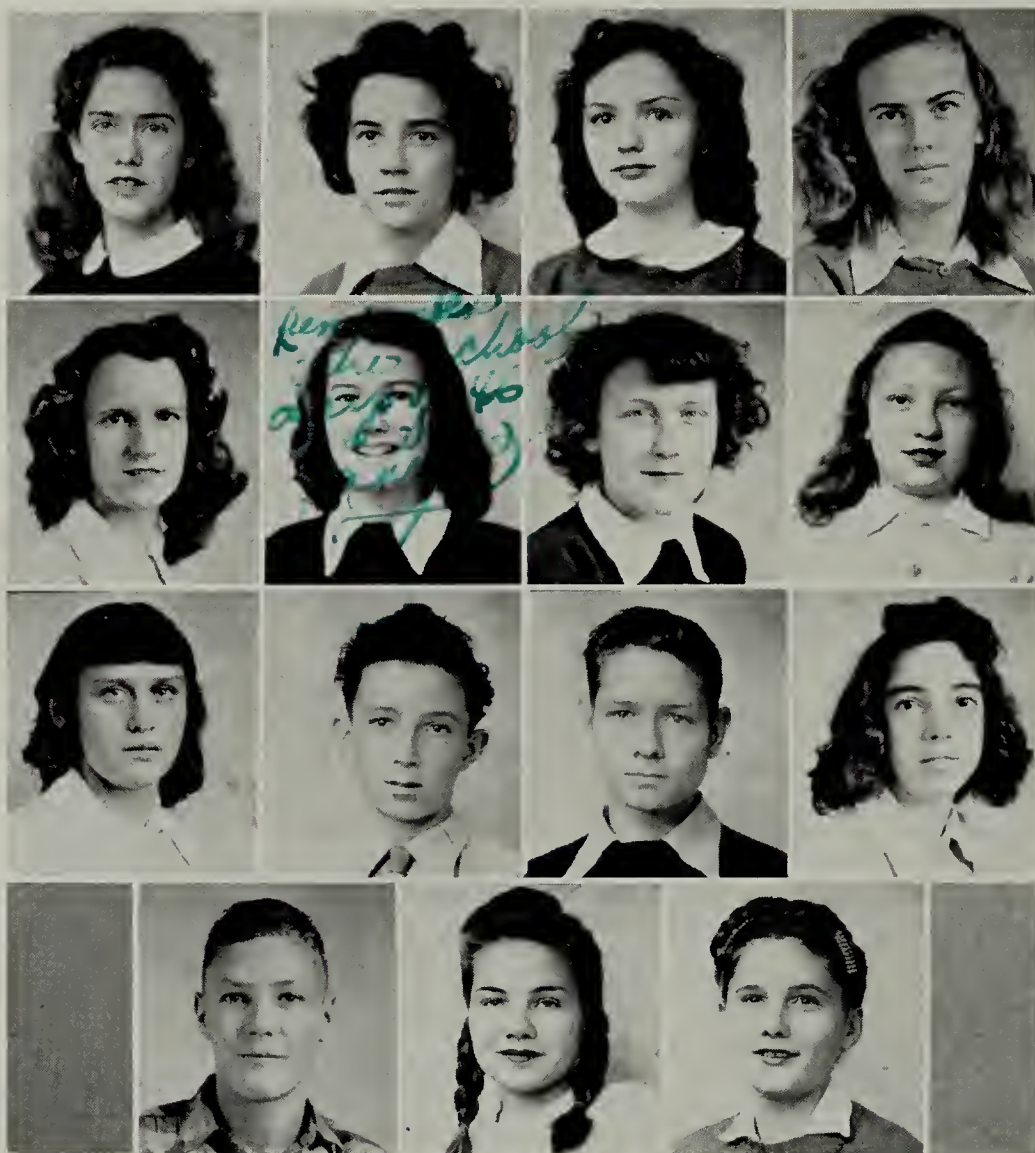
*Best of Luck  
 P.C. Jones*

Frances Quillen  
 Bunnie Ricks  
 Janice Sandridge  
 Eleanor Saunders



*Good Luck  
 Saunders*





Rose Marie Saunders  
Betty Lou Shifflet  
Marianne Shumate  
Freida Simmons

Barbara Snead  
Janice Steele  
Mary Lee Stinespring  
Jean Tanner

Ann Taylor  
Walter Thompson  
Ralph Wagner  
Margaret Woolford

Billy Walker  
Delore Yancey  
Jane Zimmerman

*and look  
to a cute  
"tom-boy"  
gloria*

# NOT PICTURED

Helen Anderson  
William Ball  
Phil Brooks  
Macon Brown  
Mary Virginia Cason

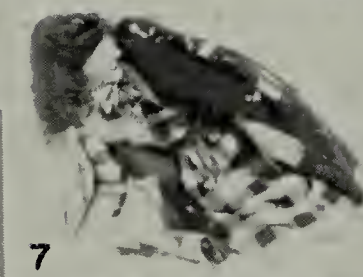
Joyce Cooke  
Lewis Craig  
Violet Crouch  
Powell Foster  
Ann Greaver  
Billy Hite

Joyce Hintze  
Ruth Humphreys  
Charles Hutton  
Genevieve Jarman  
Everett Johns

Flora Larsen  
Linwood Laury  
Mary Alice McComb  
William Maney  
Mildred Roadcap



*Betty Moyer*



# SOPHOMORES

1. "Moyer"
2. "The gang's all here"
3. "Betsy"
4. "Three's a crowd"
5. "Look at that snow!"
6. "Dot"

7. "Throw it, Jean!"
8. "Our Jackie"
9. "A thorn between two roses"
10. "How's the weather up there?"
11. "Gimmie a ride"





## *Freshman Class Officers*

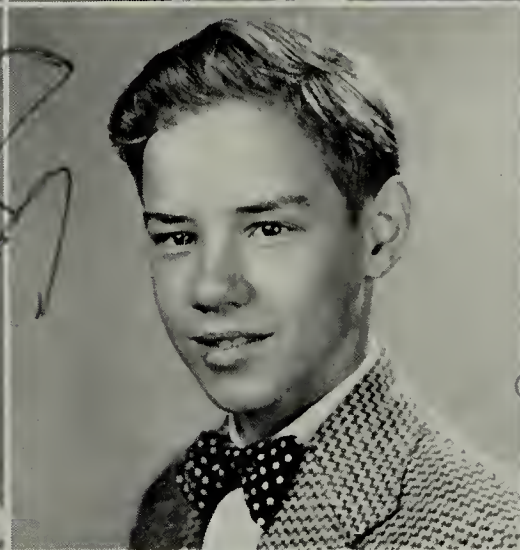
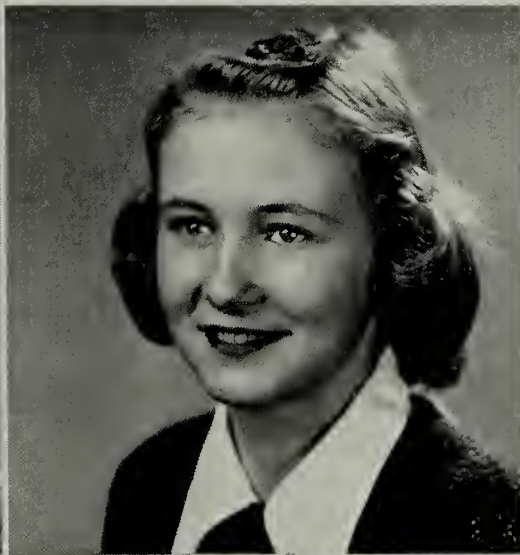
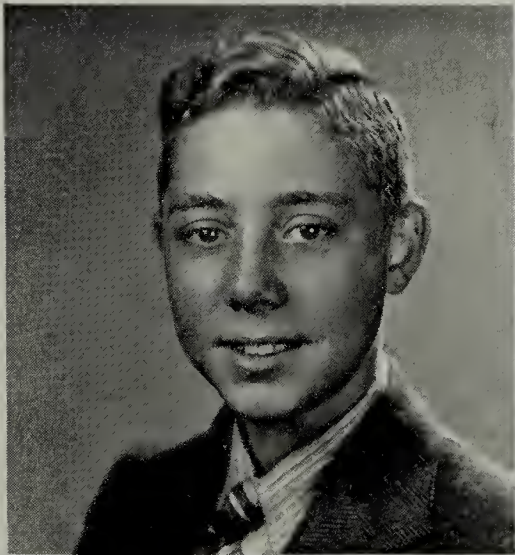
*President*.....MARGARET ARMENTROUT

*Vice-President* .....ORA JUNE WADE

*Secretary-Treasurer*.....MILDRED MANEY



*Peggy Glenn*



*So's of luck in a tough life*  
*Billy Plummer*  
**Freshman Annual Staff**

Editor.....RICHARD LOTTS

Business Manager.....PEGGY GLENN

Literary Editors....FRANCES ELLEN COLEY, BILLY PLUMMER

Art Editor.....JEAN ANN COPPER

Circulation Manager.....JOHN TAYLOR



"Old Fairfule"



Paul Almarode  
Joan Anderson  
Margaret Armentrout  
Billie Jean Bashlor  
Emma Belle Bateman

Charles Beard  
Jane Beard  
Cullen Bradley  
Melvin Breeden  
Warren Burns

Beatrice Campbell  
Robert Campbell  
Juanita Carr  
Lula Bell Carter  
John Childress

Carl Coiner  
Frances Ellen Coley  
Jimmy Cook  
Jean Ann Copper  
Buddy Coyner

Robert Critzer  
Jerry Cummings  
Eugene Daughtery  
James Dodd  
Eugene Doniel

Ben Dorrier  
Junior East  
Billy Eppard  
Letty Fisher  
Buddy Fitzgerald

Mary Lee Fitzgerald  
Newton Fitzgerald  
Erma Forloines  
Harold Frasher  
Billy Frye

Peggy Glenn  
Hamilton Graves  
Douglas Gumm  
Tommie Guthrie  
Mary Frances Hall

Audrey Hamilton  
Norman Hammond  
Grace Hanger  
David Harrel  
Tommy Hassard

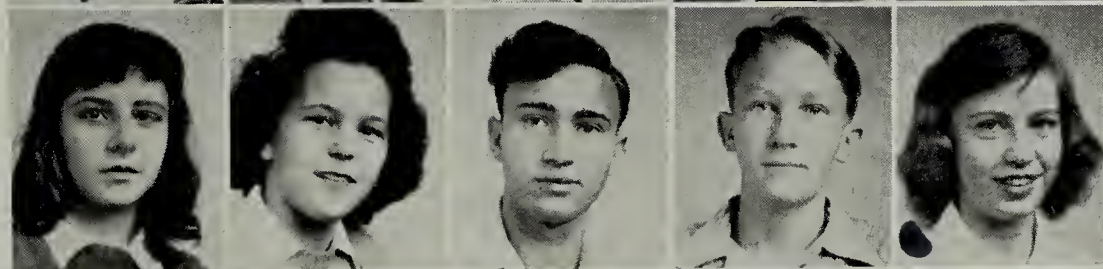


Barbara Heatwole  
 Sylvia Herron  
 Irene Hodge  
 Patricia Hollar  
 Frances Hoy

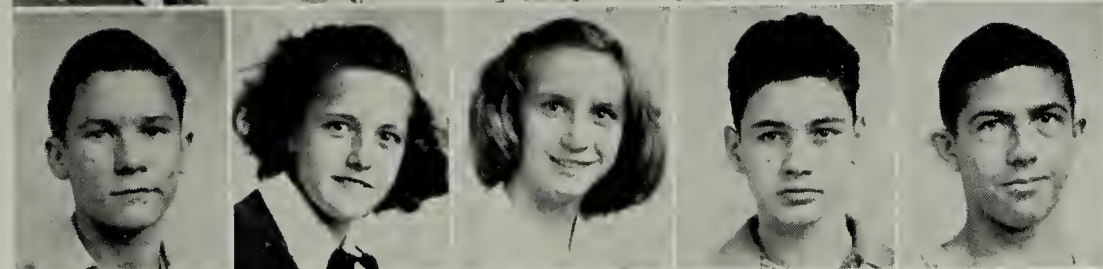


*Louise Hoy  
 Mary Ann Johnson*

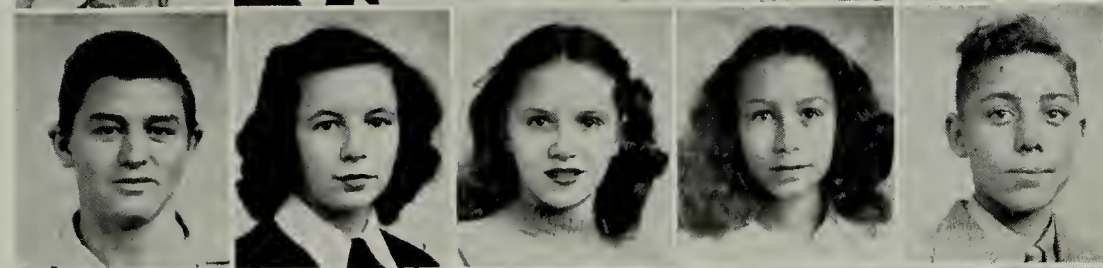
Stella Hudson  
 Lucille Humphrey  
 Douglas Hunte  
 Van Irvin  
 Mary Ann Johnson



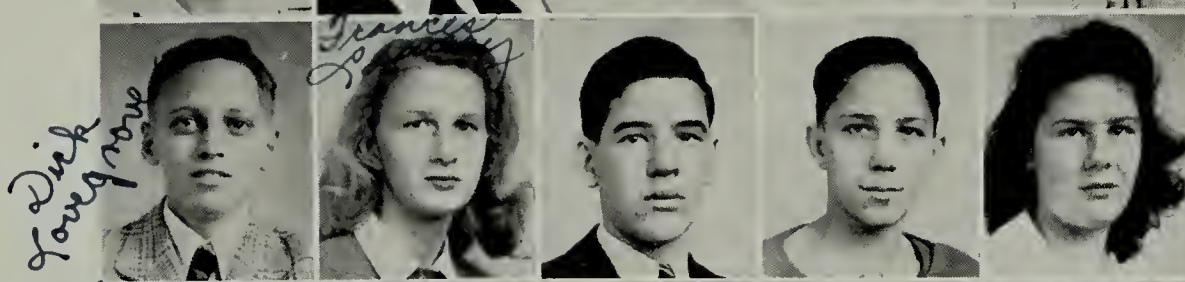
Carl Jones  
 Mary Ann Keenan  
 Minnie Gray Kibler  
 Vernon Kidd  
 Conrad Kurtz



Buford Lamb  
 Ada Mae Lavender  
 Lois Lawhorn  
 Gail Leap  
 Richard Lotts



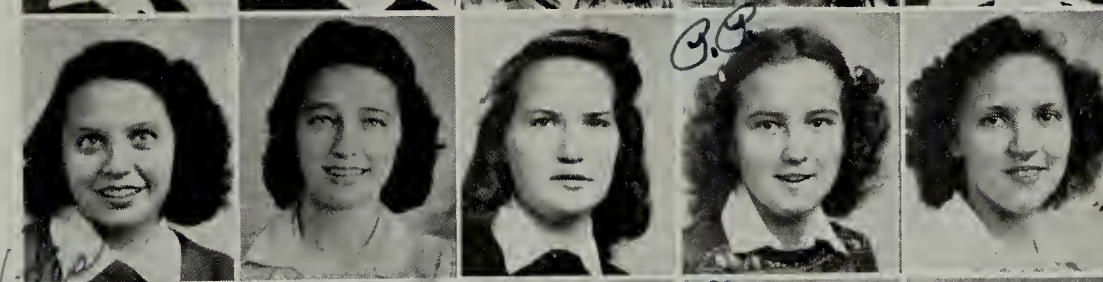
Dickie Lovegrove  
 Frances Lowery  
 Keith McCormick  
 William Madison  
 Helen Marks



Helen Maupin  
 Hazel Meeks  
 Jay Mize  
 Samuel Morris  
 Gilda Moyer



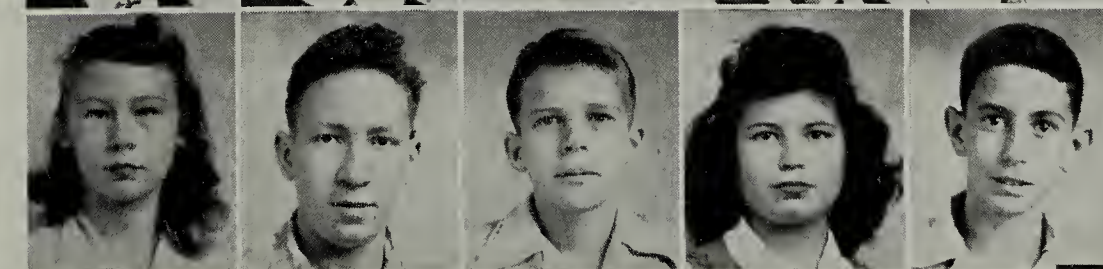
Mary Ann Myrtle  
 Stella Nicely  
 Eva Owens  
 Patricia Pendergraft  
 Ollie Pirkey



Ruth Pforr  
 Margaret Plumb  
 Billy Plummer  
 Elwood Quick  
 Tommy Raftery

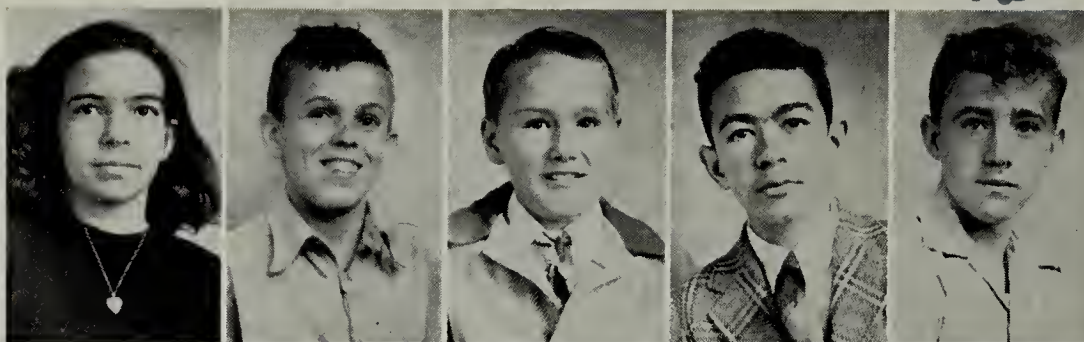


Dorothy Ralston  
 Rudolph Reed  
 Marvin Reynolds  
 Delores Robinson  
 Brian Ross





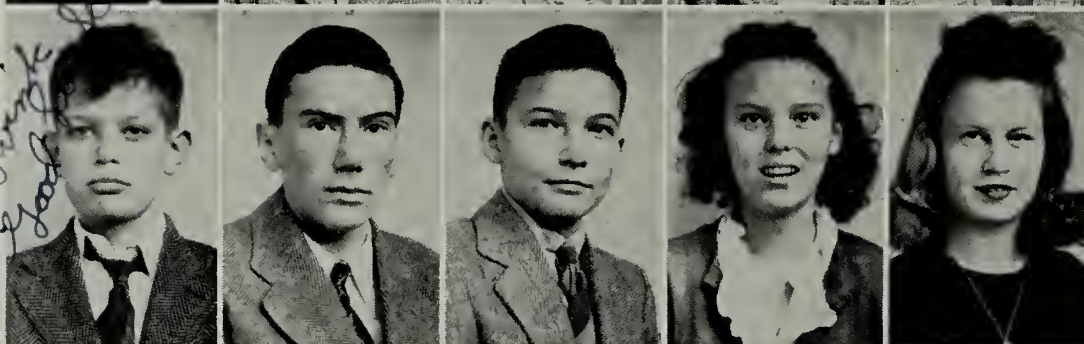
Sarah Ruffner  
 Lee Roy Ruppel  
 Carl Sheffield  
 Billy Shorter  
 Paul Shue



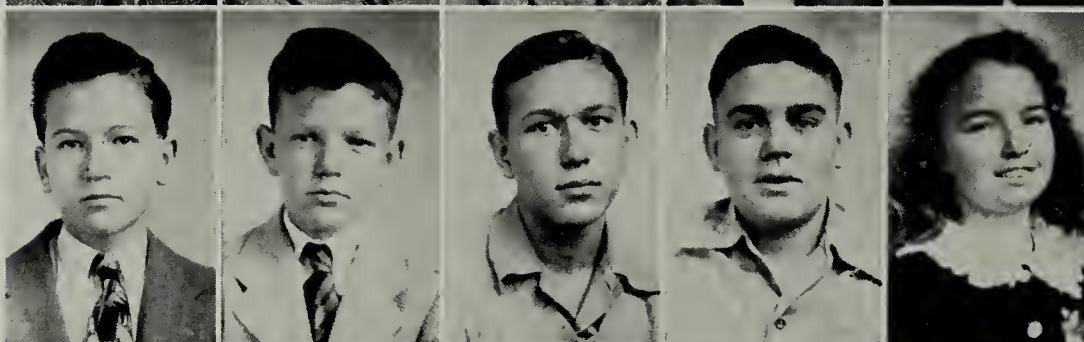
Bertie Mae Smith  
 Douglas Smith  
 Betty Snead  
 Christine Sprouse  
 Cannon Steele



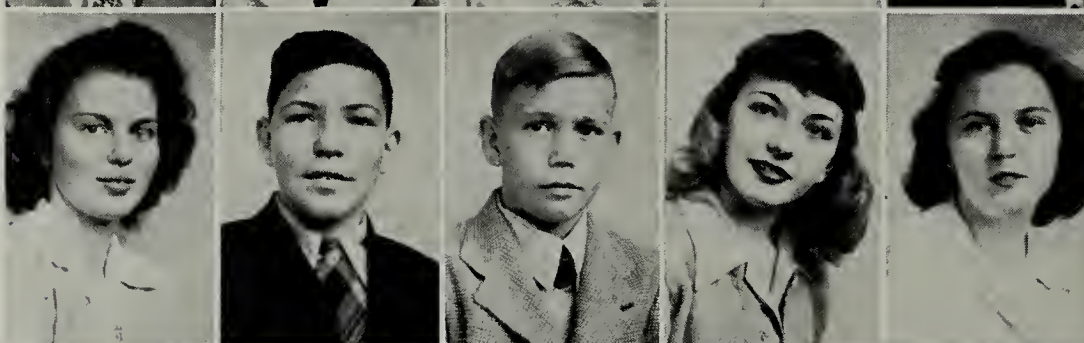
Robert Steele  
 Albert Swink  
 Hunter Swink  
 Audrey Lee Taylor  
 Betty Taylor



Charles Taylor  
 John Taylor  
 Paul Taylor  
 Eddie Terry  
 Joyce Thompson



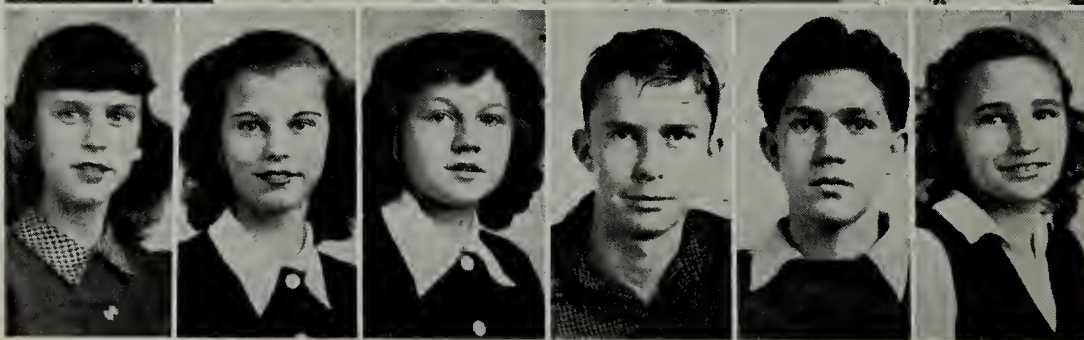
Lois Thurston  
 Arnett Tomey  
 J. D. Tyree  
 Bobby Ann Vines  
 Jean Wade



Ora June Wade  
 Marie Wagner  
 Bobby Walters  
 Jean Wheeler  
 Nancy Williams



Lois Wimer  
 Pauline Wood  
 Betty Wright  
 Meredith Wright  
 W. R. Wright  
 Sally Zimmerman



Paul Shue

NOT PICTURED  
 Betty Mae Allen  
 Vernon Burnett  
 Dorothy Cale  
 Helen Cale  
 Gene Childress  
 Betty Jean Claytor  
 Glen Comer  
 Russel Coffey  
 James Craig  
 Dorothy Critzer  
 Henry Davis  
 Ralph Drummond  
 Juanita Ellison  
 Alpha Mae Ferguson  
 Junior Fisher  
 Annabell Gilliam  
 Shirley Grant  
 Robert Harlowe  
 Smedly Hartwick  
 Hilda Iseli  
 Nancy Johnston  
 Peggy Jones  
 William Kidd  
 Curtis Link  
 Margaret Little  
 Betty McCambridge  
 Charles McCauley  
 Dale McCauley  
 Charles McLese  
 Mildred Maney  
 Peggy Mullens  
 Bradley Myrtle  
 Tessie Neofotis  
 Lee Norman  
 Iva Mae Pieratti  
 Carlie Potter  
 Martha Pleasants  
 Robert Reed  
 Herbert Ross  
 Alice Sandridge  
 Howard Schultz  
 Johnny Shifflett  
 Bill Smith  
 Johnny Smith  
 Hugh Stinespring  
 Johnny Troxell  
 Frederick White  
 Joyce Wimer  
 Christine Wolfe  
 James Worth  
 Norwood Wright



*Just in  
Hawaii  
1942*

*Margaret Miller*



# FRESHMEN

1. "Hi Cutie"

2. "Going somewhere"

3. "Sylvia and Woody"

4. "Where's Bill?"

5. "How's sleighriding?"

6. "Beatrice and cat"

7. "Brooklyn"

8. "All dressed-up"

9. "Jean"

10. "Frances and Clinton"

11. "Hula-hula or rather huba-huba!"

12. "Watch the ice"



Our Writers Whose Contributions Appear in the Literary Section



1. SENIORS—Standing—Billy Dameron Hannah Moore. Seated—Richard Reid, Mary Sue Gochenour, Jean Reeves, Jo Ann Yount. Not in picture—Charles Campbell. 2. JUNIORS—Margaret Critzer, Joan Coyner, Leona Armentrout, La Noma Baker, Bernard Hunt. 3. SOPHOMORES—Front row left to right—Janet Altice, Sally Ellis, Binford Chew, Ruth Lucas, Flora Larsen. Back row—Billy Hite and Bill Maney. Not in picture—Ann Greaver. 4. FRESHMAN—Front row, left to right—Minnie Grey Kibler, Ora June Wade, Eva Owens, Dickie Lovegrove. Back row—Margaret Plumb, Frances Coley, Margaret Armentrout, Margaret Ann Myrtle. Not in picture—Peggy Glenn.



# Activities





## Latin Club



*Third Row—Left to right:* Miss Doris Buhrman, Vivian Henderson, Betty Lou Shifflett, Joan Coyner, Binford Chew, Barbara Cohn, Janice Steele.

*Second Row:* Jean Birdsong, Marianne Shumate, Sally Ann Ellis, Janet Knicely, Joyce Hintze, Joe Ann Canada, Frances Coley, Frances Miller.

*Sitting:* Powell Foster, Betty Quillen, president; Daley Craig, Jackie Quesenbery, Secretary-treasurer; Jay Grossman.

The Latin Club attempts to gain an understanding of the cultural background for the Roman language and to appreciate its value. It strives to become more familiar with the everyday uses of the Latin language.



## Spanish Club

The Spanish Club, organized this year, has as its purposes to create more interest in the Spanish language and to increase the knowledge of the cultural Spain.

*Third Row—Left to right:* Hal Gruver, Hannah Moore, Mary Sue Gochenour, Rusty Twing, vice-president; Ann McDaniel, Billy Phipps, Mrs. Sutherland.

*Second Row:* Ann Greaver, Margaret Critzer, Peggy Smith, treasurer; Kathryn Fisher, Peggy Knapp, Lillian Diehl.

*Sitting:* Peggy Freed, president; Ann Best, secretary; Mary Louis Alphin.

*Not in picture:* Kitty McCormick.





## Social Committee

*Love always  
Bill H.*



*Standing—Left to right:* Betsy Potts, Joyce Hintze, Mary Hammer, LaNoma Baker, Buddy Davis, Jackie Quick, Joan Hanger, Tommy Raftery, Grace Hanger.

*Sitting:* Sylvia Herron, treasurer; Peggy Freed, president; Billy Hite, vice-president; Bette Johnson, secretary.

*Not in picture:* Edythe Landes, Hunter Swink.

The Social Committee, consisting of fourteen students, is chosen by homerooms and with the approval of the Student Council. There are three faculty sponsors.

The committee meets to plan and sponsor the dances and the socials of the school.



## Student Council

The Student Council of 1945-46 has striven to make Waynesboro High School a more democratic place by allowing the students to help govern themselves as long as their actions seem to contribute to the welfare of the school. The council has done much to aid in this program. It has also cooperated with the Athletic Association in helping with the games. An Honor Court has been organized in order to improve the conduct in the school.

*Standing—Left to right:* Mrs. Sutherland, Harold Frasher, Violet Crouch, Leroy Ruppert, Pete East, Herbert Schwab, Margaret Little, Mr. Gibbs.

*Sitting:* Alice Davis, Richard Lotts, Paul Shue, Wanda Talley, secretary; Bill Dameron, president; Harold Moyer, Helen Kinser, June Chandler.

*Not in picture:* Margaret Armentrout, Charles Padgett, vice-president.





## Diversified Occupation



*Standing—Left to right:* Kirkley Cline, David Rittenhouse, Virginia Ross, Wanda Talley, Rudy Fitzgerald, Mr. Gibbs, Frances Hughes, Betty Ann Allen, Betty Tomey, Coke Hintze, Clinton Showers.

*Kneeling:* Ann Yancey, Audra Frasher, Peggy Drumheller, Ruby Dempsey, Ordella Coleman, Betty Plummer, Charlotte Taylor, Sylvia Halterman, Jean Pittman.

*Not in picture:* Martha Diehl, Jackie Fitzgerald, Juanita Jones, Carl Landes, Edythe Landes.

The D. O. class was organized to give students experience in vocational work. This enables the student after graduation to go into a job in which he has had experience.



## Junior Red Cross

*"Service to others in both the immediate community and on the national and international levels."*

The Waynesboro High School is enrolled 100 per cent in the Junior Red Cross. The planning for this organization is done through the Student Council Committee and the homeroom representatives. This year, the Junior Red Cross has helped in time of peace by making place cards for the Army and Navy Hospitals during the Christmas and New Year season. The members have assisted with the Annual Poppy Sale, helped with the T. B. Bangle sale, cooperated in the National Clothing Drive by collecting clothes for overseas and also collecting food for the European countries. They have assisted with the sale of War Saving Stamps and assisted with school activities where needed.

*Horizontally—Left to right:* Mrs. Richard Carter, Douglas Gumm, Richard Lotts, Carl Jones, Betty Via, Jean Pittman, Paul Shue, Jay Grossman, Dickie Lovegrove, Charles McCauley, Miss Elizabeth Squires.

*Vertically—Left Row:* Jean Wheeler, Alice Davis, Thelma Critzer, Margaret Armentrout, Frances Quick, Violet Crouch, Shirley Larsen, Eva Owens.

*Vertically—Right Row:* Minnie Kibler, Jeanne White, Barbara Wallace, Mary Louise Alphin, Dolly Dedrick, Lillian Diehl, Mildred Maney, Ann McDaniel.

*Not in picture:* Helen Bateman, Shirley Johnson, Betty McCauley, Jay Mize, Marianne Shumate.







Make good in  
Basketball next  
year. Babe  
Charal  
Club

## Charal Club



*First Row—Left to right:* Newton Fitezgrald, Dorothy Davis, Diane Ricks, Mary Ann Myrtle, Jean Reeves, Ora June Wade, Sylvia Herron.

*Second Row:* Miss Edith Snidow, Peggy Lamb, Shirley Johnson, Minnie Kibler, Jean Birdsong, secretary; Agnes Pforr, Mary Alice McComb, Eleanor Saunders, Margaret Armentrout, June Chandler, Louise Griggs.

*Third Row:* Mary Virginia Cason, Ruth Pforr, Juanita Carr, Ruby Arnold, Betty Taylor, Lois Furr, Flora Larsen, Janet Altice, Mary Sue Gochenour, vice-president.

*Fourth Row:* Jean Wheeler, Donald Hanger, president; Millie Maney, Billy Peterson, Mary Lee Stinespring, Vivian Henderson, Hugh Stinespring, Betsy Potts, Richard Reid, Mary Louise Harry, Vernon Kidd, Billy Hite.

*First Row:* Mary Lee Fitzgerald, Sally Zimmerman, Lois Thurston, Miss Edith Snidow.

*Second Row:* Mary Betsy Pharr, Naomi Link, Ollie Perky, Pauline Wood, Joan Anderson, Janice Sandbridge, Betty McCambridge, Ruth Humphreys, Rose Marie Saunders, Joyce Hintze, Patricia Pendergraft.

*First Row:* Lois Lawhorn, Frances Miller, Iva Mae Pieratti, Ruby Dempsey, Stella Nicely, Bobby Barnes, Arthur Engman, Harold Frasher.

*Not in picture:* Betty Allen, Jo Ann Canada, Jimmy Bratton, Phil Buchanan, Peggy Drumhellar, Nita Ellison, Audra Frasher, Peggy Glenn, Lucille Henderson, Bobby Moore, Johnny Smith.

The Glee Club is an organization of both boys and girls. They have worked together to learn more about music and to appreciate its worth.

The Glee Club presented "Christmas Memories," a pageant of scenes from a serviceman's Christmas cards. The show was built around a real life presentation of Christmas scenes from the cards of a wounded serviceman received while in a hospital in Europe. The art students collaborated with the Glee Club in this presentation in December.

In the spring the Glee Club gave a light musical, "Now and Then" with music and dances representing the different periods of American life.

For Easter, they presented a pageant, "Lilies of the Dawn" and led an assembly program of community singing.

Commencement music was sponsored by the Glee Club.



## Cheerleaders

The cheerleaders, with the cooperation of the school at large, have constantly worked to promote good sportsmanship, to arouse and maintain school spirit, to encourage the teams, and to add color to the occasion.



*Left to right:* Jean Birdsong, Jean Lucas, Jackie Quesenbery, Wanda Talley, Nancy McCracken, Peggy Smith, head cheerleader; Diane Ricks, Emma Jean Kite, Barbara Heatwole, Sylvia Herron, Margaret Little.



## *"W" Club*



*First Row—Left to right:* J. S. McMillin, Bob Burns, secretary-treasurer; Woody Herron, president; Hal Gruver, vice-president; Robert Pleasants.

*Second Row:* Willie Landes, Charles Bones, Pete Kern, Gene Baber, Eddie Childs, Mac Terry.

*Third Row:* Coke Hintze, Gene Heatwole, Carl Shumate, Cullen Bradley, Eddie Dinwiddie.

*Fourth Row:* Coach Leitch, Richard Kidd, Frances Hughes, Watson Lonas, Allan Lonas, Billy Quesenbery.

*Not in picture:* Milnes Austin.

The "W" Club aims to maintain a high scholastic standard, promote better sportsmanship, create interest in high school athletics, develop leadership and better health habits through training, and take responsibility of sports advertising.

Membership qualifications for the club are that all members earn a varsity letter for a major sport.

The "W" Club this year had charge of the paper drive, advertised and ushered at games, and sponsored a dance.

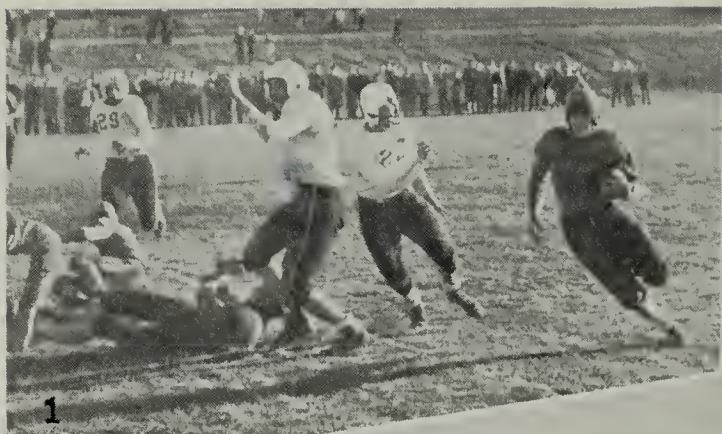


# Athletics



BURNS





*At the Old Ball Game*



# Football



*First Row—Left to right:* Francis Hughes, Robert Pleasants, Bradley Myrtle, Coke Hintze, Milnes Austin, Coach Leitch, Gene Heatwole, Bill Quesenbery, Charles Campbell, Bob Burns.

*Second Row:* Charles Bones, Robert Goodloe, Macon Brown, Eddie Terry, Howard Schultz, Dayton Cunningham, Bobbie Barnes, Daley Craig, Howell Gruver.

*Third Row:* Buddy Fitzgerald, Mac Terry, Bernard Hunt, Jack Fisher, Raymond Parnell, Willie Landes, Woody Herron, Billy Shorter, Tommy Raftery, Carl Shumate, Jack Hutton.

*Fourth Row:* Eddie Dinwiddie, Billy Smith, Cullen Bradley, Allan Lonas, Pete Kern, Homer Tomes, J. S. McMillin, Eddie Childs, Clem Matheny, Lloyd Blackwell, Art Scheiwe.

*Not in picture:* Gene Baber, Rudolph Reed.

Little Giants' football team was one of the lightest in years, but their hard-hitting tactics, coupled with speed and deception, pulled them through many of their tough games. Heavily outweighed by almost every team they encountered, the Little Giants time and again resorted to speed and deception to earn victories in four of the nine contests they played. Reserves, although lacking in weight and experience, played a feature part in the success of the team. Greater portion of the first string will return next season and their added experience, plus a more experienced squad, will greatly increase their chances for a successful season.

	0	W.H.S.		0	W.H.S.		0	W.H.S.
Staunton	6	25	Arlington	13	7	V. S. D. B.	13	19
Winchester	20	6	Clifton Forge	40	0	Lexington	0	25
Lane	20	6	Miller School	0	18	Harrisonburg	20	7



# Girls Varsity Basketball



*First Row—Left to right:* Betty McCauley, Jane Zimmerman, Kitty McCormick, captain; Peggy Moyer, Tessie Neofotis.

*Second Row:* Ruby Arnold, Margaret Critizer, Barbara Heatwole, Hannah Moore, Jo Ann Yount, Delores Burnett.

*Third Row:* Violette Tanner, Jackie Quesenbery, Mary Virginia Cason, Lucille Humphrey, Eva Owens, Eleanor Saunders, Edythe Landes.

*Fourth Row:* Miss Hester, coach; Helen Jones, assistant manager; Binford Chew, Bunnie Ricks, Sally Zimmerman, Virginia Saunders, manager.

With only one varsity player left from last year's squad and breaking in a new coach, Miss Lois Hester in the bargain, the Little Amazons came up with a creditable season of seven wins, seven losses, several of them being heartbreakers, and one surprise tie with Fairfax Hall. In every win it was tight guarding and dead-eye shooting that paid off.

	0	W.H.S.		0	W.H.S.		0	W.H.S.
Rockfish Valley	14	15	Lexington	26	23	St. Anne's	37	27
Lexington	18	20	Thomas Jefferson	31	24	Clifton Forge	12	17
Front Royal	20	18	Front Royal	20	26	Grace Luthern	13	19
Fairfax Hall	18	35	Harrisonburg	40	17	Shenandoah High	18	10
Harrisonburg	36	17	Fairfax Hall	21	21	Shenandoah High	8	19



# Boys Varsity Basketball



The Little Giants '46 squad had a very successful season. By breaking Harrisonburg's grip on them, they were able to win the district championship and then went on to beat Fredericksburg for the western-half crown, in one of their best games. The finishing touch was in beating Grundy High School to win the state championship. Their record for conference games was three losses and eleven wins.

	0	W.H.S.		0	W.H.S.		0	W.H.S.
Rockfish -----	13	45	Clifton Forge ---	18	51	V. S. D. B.-----	32	51
A. M. A. -----	16	43	Harrisonburg ---	27	25	Harrisonburg ---	34	15
A. M. A. -----	23	19	Lexington -----	19	59	Lexington -----	21	45
Lexington -----	18	45	Staunton -----	29	26	Clifton Forge ---	22	32
Harrisonburg ---	34	15	Covington -----	16	20	Staunton -----	22	27
W. & L. -----	40	29	Front Royal -----	26	48	Fieldale -----	43	39
Front Royal ---	30	33	W. & L. -----	34	41	V. S. D. B. ----	33	56
Covington -----	28	32						

## CONFERENCE TOURNAMENT

	0	W.H.S.		0	W.H.S.
Covington -----	20	43	Fredericksburg -----	25	48
Harrisonburg -----	16	19	Grundy -----	17	35



# *Little Giants Win District Championship*

WAYNESBORO HIGH TEAM OVERCOMES HIGHLY RATED HARRISONBURG  
SQUAD TO WIN DISTRICT II CUP

The Little Giants won the final game of the "B" class tournament in Lexington the night of Friday, March 8, defeating the much favored Blue Streaks from Harrisonburg. The Little Giants had lost three games to Harrisonburg this year, but they came out of the shell for Friday night's game. Although they were off on their shooting, the floor play was excellent. Leading the Little Giants in points were Buster Bones and Homer Tomes with five points each. The game started very slowly with both teams shooting rather aimlessly and failing to make the baskets, but Harrisonburg came out with two foul shots and a field throw in rapid succession to give the Streaks a 4-0 lead. Bones narrowed the lead by a field goal, but the opponents gathered a five-point lead with a field goal closely followed by a foul shot. Then Howell Gruver put the hard fighting Giants back in the game with a neat lay-up shot which left the locals trailing 7-4 at the end of the first period.

The second period scoring was opened with a long handed push shot by Homer Tomes which put the Little Giants only one point behind the Streaks. The Streaks left the Giants trailing by netting a field throw and foul shot. Gruver dropped another throw to set the locals up to within two points of the opponents, only to have them net two more free throws. Charles Bones nipped the lead to three points by a charity toss, which was followed by a field goal from Austin and a free throw by Woody Herron which knotted the score 12-12 at half-time.

Harrisonburg opened by another free throw, but Bones erased the lead with his second two points to put the locals in the lead for the first time. But the Streaks came back with a free toss and a field goal to enter the fourth period with a two point lead. The first five minutes showed an outstanding defensive battle with Tomes' free throw being the only score. With only three minutes to play, Tomes broke loose with his second push shot of the game to give the Giants a one point lead. Suddenly switching from a fast breaking game to a stalling one, the Little Giants caught the hapless Streaks un-awares. In their efforts to recover the ball, the Harrisonburg squad fouled four times within 40 seconds of play, but they were unable to break up the Giants freezing tactics. With less than two seconds to play, Gruver slipped through the widely spread opponents to lay up the final score of the game 19-16 for "Waynesboro's game."

In winning this game the Giants took a district championship cup which Harrisonburg had held for two years. This win gave them a chance to play Fredericksburg for the western half-state championship.



## *Waynesboro Tops Fredericksburg For Eastern Half Title*

The Little Giants, playing their own special brand of basketball, trounced over Fredericksburg to win the right to play Grundy High School for the State Championship.

High scorer for the game was Homer Tomes who netted 12 points. Out of the fourteen players who played, nine Little Giants scored.

Howell Gruver, playing one of his best floor games, took rebounds off both boards with monotonous regularity. He was greatly aided in defensive play by Charles Bones who also played his best floor game of the season.

The Fredericksburg "Jackets" were completely baffled by the rushing tactics employed by the Giants and they were forced to rely on long shots that repeatedly failed to connect.

The starting whistle had hardly been blown when Miles Austin took a rebound off the backboard to set up a lead which the Little Giants did not relinquish during the entire game.

The only serious threat the "Jackets" offered was in the final minute of the first period when they tied the score 8 all.

The score at half was 21-10. During the second period the locals piled up 11 more points to put the score 32-17 at the end of the third period to settle all doubt as to the outcome of the game. Coach Leitch was able to play nine of his reserve squad, four of whom scored.

The Little Giants' game ended with a score of 48-25.

## *Little Giants Trim Grundy for State Championship*

The Little Giants scored an easy win over Grundy High School, Thursday, March 21, to win the state title.

The blue and gold cagers were seldom able to penetrate the tight defense which the Giants set up. The locals were more than a match for the southwestern school and they deserved to win the state championship.

This final game was the highlight of the season for the hardworking Giants, who under the guidance of Coach Jimmy Leitch, have worked towards this goal all year.

Box score for the game is as follows:

<i>Player</i>	FG	FT	PF	TP
Tomes f. ....	6	1	3	13
Austin f. ....	5	0	0	10
Bones c. ....	2	0	4	4
Herron g. ....	3	1	2	7
Gruver g. ....	0	1	2	1





## SPORTS

1. "Coke" 2. "2-man (boy) team" 3. "Over the top" 4. "What men!!" 5. "Our gal Tessie"  
 6. "Hattie" 7. "Our dream man" 8. "Are those feet we see?" 9. "Captain Kitty" 10. "Nice  
 physique?" 11. "Rah, Rah, team—minus Kitty" 12. "Football managers" 13. "What happened,  
 honey?" 14. "Trio of goldbricks"



# Junior Varsity

## Bill Maney



*First Row—Left to right:* Bill Kinder, Paul Almarode, Massie Wright, Tommy Lotts, Peaches Wright.

*Second Row:* Howard Schultz, Phil Buchanan, Daley Craig, Bobby Antrobus, Bradley Myrtle.

*Third Row:* Ralph Drummond, Billy Maney, Jack Fisher, Bob Pleasants, Gene Baber.

*Fourth Row:* Mr. DeLong, Billy Quesenberry, Paul Shue, J. D. Tyree, Coach Leitch.

*Not in picture:* Bill Smith.

Running through basic training for future battle on the Little Giants Varsity, the Junior Varsity came up with a bull's eye on ten wins and no losses, despite the graduation of several men to the Varsity. Deep in reserves, and with W. J. DeLong, as well as Coach Jimmy Leitch, to give them the know how, they should do as well or better come next year.

	0	W.H.S.		0	W.H.S.
Staunton .....	20	22	Grace Luthern .....	29	52
Staunton .....	23	24	Shenandoah .....	17	29
Staunton Boy's Club.....	20	23	Lovington .....	14	35
A.M.A. ....	12	15	V.S.D.B. ....	24	33
V.S.D.B. ....	14	35	Staunton .....	23	53



# “45”

## Track

Bob Burns  
Charles Campbell  
Marion Drummond  
Pete East  
Hal Gruver  
Woody Herron  
Scott Niningger  
Giles Powell  
Carl Shumate  
Rudy Via  
Bob White, captain



## Baseball



Rudy Via, captain  
Bob White  
Woody Herron  
Alvin Cook  
Marion Drummond  
Calvin Via  
Willie Landes  
Howell Gruver  
Giles Powell  
Gene Baber  
Mac Terry  
James Johns  
Bernard Hunt  
Bob Antrobus



*The*

*Literary*

SECTION

*. . . being a little of*

*this and that*

*in prose and poetry.*





## Life at Waynesboro High



How much  
 sleep for a  
 well girl -  
 Hope we both  
 see "Keep" some  
 day - Be good  
 - Helen B.



# Senior Will

*By Yount,  
Moore,  
and  
Saunders*

We, the Senior class of Waynesboro High School of 1946, realizing that without certain qualities the underclassmen will never be able to occupy our positions here, feel it proper to make certain bequests to the underclassmen.

Bob Burns leaves his ability to argue and win to Massie Wright.

Kirk Cline leaves his ability to be witty to Buster Bones who is trying so hard.

Billy Dameron bequests his studious ways to Bradley Myrtle.

Gip Lee Gibson leaves his genius in the physics laboratory to Daley Craig.

Pete Kern leaves his title as "King of Conceit" to Phil Buchanan who is well on the way.

Alan Lonas leaves his fighting spirit to future players with orders to keep the football team moving.

Bill Phipps leaves his \$1,000 to Joyce Wimer so that she can buy her high school diploma.

Rusty Twing leaves his place in the "Melodiers" to Jimmy Bratton who is so envious.

We are sorry Lois Aldridge doesn't have time to leave anything because she is so busy working on her ambition, "to get married."

Betty Ann Allen leaves her job at Connor's to anyone who can take it.

Mary Louise Alphin leaves her quietness to Peggy Smith.

Evelyn Arnold leaves her big "F" to Louise Griggs who we know prefers it to a "W".

Ann Best leaves her reserved place at F. M. S. to Lucille Henderson who nearly has one herself.

June Chandler leaves her slimness to anyone who hopes to weigh 110 some day.

Ordella Coleman leaves her cute figure to Peggy Jones who already has the red hair.

Thelma Critzer leaves her good disposition to junior boys who need it greatly.

Graham Driver wills her frivolous ways to a sophomore who rightly should have such characteristics.

Audra Frasher wills her book on how to get engaged to so many different people at the same time to Gene Garst who is trying so hard to get just one.

Mary Sue Gochenour leaves her ability to do everything to Peggy Critzer.

Vivian Henderson leaves her cheerful personality to Jo Ann Canada.

Gloria Hicks leaves her friendliness to Barbara Heatwole.

Elizabeth Ann Hitt leaves her plumpness to Ruth Lucas.

Bette Johnson leaves "Coke" to Peggy Smith who will probably get him anyway.

Kay Kinser leaves her figure to Joyce Hintze.

Emma Jean Kite leaves her "Dimples" and her cute figure to some freshman girl so Schultz won't be lonesome.

Naomi Link leaves her quiet voice to Mary Ann Myrtle.

Kitty McCormick leaves her basketball position to Peggy Moyer.

Frances Miller leaves her quietness to Lucile Humphreys.

Hannah Moore leaves her ability to walk in and out of class to Daley Craig who always gets caught.

Mary Betsy Pharr leaves her ability to get tickled to Milnes Austin.

Virginia Rogers leaves her whiny ways to Marianne Shumate.

Wanda Talley leaves her personality to Genevieve Jarman.

Mary Ann Trieschmann leaves her ability to flirt with Howell Gruver to Peggy Smith in hopes that success will be hers.

Jo Ann Yount leaves her poetic ability to Milnes Austin to give him some other interest than sports.

Pete East leaves his ability as a liar to Colin Hintze who has a pretty good reputation as one already.



Allan Haden leaves his curly hair and neat ways to Willie Landis who seems to be O. K. without them.

Francis Hughes leaves his laziness to Robert Goodloe.

Richard Reid leaves his power to endure a class of 30 some girls to Carl Shumate who would probably be in seventh heaven.

Clinton Showers leaves his ability to bluff to anyone who has to go before the honor court.

Mac Terry leaves all his trick basketball shots to Howard Schultz.

Watson Lonas leaves his position as master of ceremonies of the laboratory bull sessions to Buster Bones who is so envious.

Mabel Burnett wills her quietness to Barbara Cohn telling her it pays to listen at times.

Ruby Carr leaves her ability to think to all the juniors reminding them to use it often.

Elizabeth Coffey leaves her curly hair to the Zimmerman sisters with instructions to keep the curling iron hot.

Martha Diehl leaves her job at Fishburne Drug Store to Betty Taylor as a sure way of meeting lots of cadets.

Peggy Drumheller leaves her sophisticated ways to anyone who wishes to be a woman of the world.

Frances Fisher leaves her brother Junior to Plummy Cason with instructions to handle with loving care.

Jackie Fitzgerald wills her age to Bingo Humphrys knowing she could use a couple of years.

Leatrice Hall leaves her pleasing ways to the freshman class so they can get along with the teachers.

Sylvia Halterman leaves her interest in the Navy to so many envious girls.

Juanita Jones leaves her seat in history class to anyone who promises to laugh at Mr. Gibbs' jokes.

Margaret Knapp would like to will Milnes Austin to Tessie Neofotis who will receive him with a pounding heart and open arms.

Bernice Moore leaves her job at the dime store to anyone who can stand up eight hours a day.

Betty Moore wills her diamond ring to anyone who wants one and can't seem to succeed.

Charlene Morris leaves her height to Massie Wright so he can drop the ball in the goal.

Juanita Myrtle leaves her goo-goo eyes to Eleanor Saunders.

Jean Pittman leaves her strawberry hair to Warren Burns.

Betty Plummer leaves her ability to speak to Carl Lamb so he can make his book reports.

Jackie Quick is leaving Jean Birdsong to walk the long trip by Fishburne alone next year.

Jean Reeves leaves her talkative ways to Delores Burnett who seems to get along O. K. on her own.

Virginia Ross leaves her old flame, Junior Tomes, to all the junior girls who seem to have taken over anyway.

Violet Tanner leaves her ability to speak French to next year's French class.

Charlotte Taylor leaves her giggle to Dorothy Davis.

Betty Via leaves her good nature and her ability to get along with people to Agnes Pforr in hopes there won't be so many people in the world who are "gonna be sorry".

Billie Jean Vines leaves her prissy ways to her sister, Bobbie Ann, who already has a wonderful start.

Anne Yancey leaves all her boy friends but one to her little sister Lody, who seems to like them better than her own.

Mrs. Louis Sutherland has nothing to will, but she knows a lot of people will be glad that she is leaving and so is she.

And so with these last bequests given with our love and sincere regards, we take leave of the students and especially the faculty, who we know can stand anything from now on.

Signed and Witnessed

this 5th day of June,

SENIOR CLASS OF '46.



# Senior History

In 1942 a group of us innocent "Greenhorns" entered Waynesboro High School for its freshman year. Although young and inexperienced we seemed to carry through the hard tasks that we had to undergo. As we looked forward to high school and all its fun and work, we knew it wouldn't be as it had been in the past as it was only a year before, that World War II had faced us, and we would have to give up a lot of things because of it. But this didn't bother us; we went ahead to what ever might occur. For being newcomers, we seemed to get the hang of things soon. Both our boys and girls played sports; some served on the social committee, in the Dramatic Club, in the Choral Club, and on the Student Council. We took part in the Victory Corps which had just been organized in helping with all the necessary drives for the war. At the end of this year we had made a head start for the oncoming year.

September 1943 began our sophomore year letting us realize that we were one step higher and no longer freshmen! Yes, we were no longer referred to as "Greenhorns" but as "Wise Fools."

Our activities this year included sports and the various committees. The Dramatic Club presented two hit performances, one being a play, "Our Boarding House," and the other, "Cottonland Minstrel." The sophomore class participated in both. Every Friday night we had "skirt and sweater" or "jeep" dances which were well attended by us.

We left school this year knowing that next year—at least—we would be "upper" classmen. Oh-h.

September 1944 found us walking on clouds. We were then the "uppers" and had earned the privileges we had always looked forward to.

Along the entertainment line we featured a great performance, "The Variety Show," in which many of our classmates displayed their talents. Another great success was a banquet we held in honor of the seniors. Again our class was represented in the Choral Club, Dramatic Club, Student Council, Social Committee and Sports.

This year we parted with good thoughts—next year.

September 5, 1945—O happy day! We entered our senior year with the world at peace for the first time in four years. This helped us to accomplish more than we had accomplished in our other years. We organized three new clubs, Spanish, Latin, and a Girls' "W" Club. An honor court was set up to bring about better behavior in our school.

Sports was an outstanding phase of this year's school work culminating in our basketball team in winning the Western District Title.

This year much was learned due to the guidance of our teachers who helped us prepare for the biggest school of all—the school of life.

# Senior Prophecy

## FLASH!

Professors Darwin Gibson and Einstein Hughes have just invented a mechanical robot run by atomic power that does everything for you but eat.

Hannah Moore, brilliant lawyer, has just discovered a loophole in the Marbery vs. Madison case; if Madison were still alive, he could be sued.

The lyric soprano, Mary Betsy Pharr, has just taken Broadway by storm. The song with which she attained her success was "Bill Bailey, Please Come Home."

Cactus Cline and Gunpowder Showers have just signed up for another five-year term with Ranch O Grandee pictures.

The motto is no longer "Swing and sway with Sammy Kaye", but "Dance and sing with Rusty Twing."

Woodie Herron signed a new contract with the

House of David Baseball Club, but is having considerable trouble because he can't grow a beard.

Mary Sue Gochenour has now replaced Miss Edith Snidow as Music Supervisor at W. H. S.

Bill Phipps, local newspaper carrier, has now deposited \$7,000 from his paper sales receipts.

Miss Buhrman has finally gotten married and Mary Louise Alphin has taken her place as Latin teacher.

Bette Johnson is now a stenographer.

Ordella Coleman is now competing with Libby Ann Hitt for the professional typing speed record. Both girls have records of better than 300 words a minute.

Kay Kinser has retired from her job as a bathing suit model.

Jo Ann Yount has just declined another contract with W. H. S. as girls' physical education



instructor in order to accept a position at Westhampton College.

Betty Ann Allen is now riding instructor at Fairfax Hall and Audra Frasher is Choral Club director.

Richard Reid is a prominent poet who is a rival in fame with Poe.

Betty Moore is still waiting on Lee Applegate—will she wait forever?

Virginia Ross, the new manager at the telephone company, says that her girls want higher wages or they will strike.

Sylvia Halterman and Martha Diehl have gone into business together as public stenographers.

Roses dime store has put in a lunch counter; now Jaunita Jones and Bernice Moore are slinging food across the counter.

Billy Jean Vines is still trying and finding it hard to hold a man.

The new editor of the "News-Virginian," Peggy Drumheller, is debating with herself whether she should have a ten-page instead of the usual eight-page newspaper.

Frances Fisher still receives her fan mail from the many boys in service.

Leatrice Hall had a hard time passing history in high school, but now since she is the new history teacher in Waynesboro High, she's making it hard for others to pass it.

Peggy Knapp, who always tried to make others laugh and found it hard to do, is trying to take over the program Joan Davis has held down for N.B.C. for the past 20 years.

Pete East has had so much experience in court that he has become a sage in the supreme court.

Ebbie Arnold has outgrown Fishburne, but she still likes a uniform. She has married a bellhop.

Kitty McCormick, after twenty years of searching, is still finding mistakes in the annual she edited back in '46.

Frances Mill, Vivian Henderson, and Thelma Critzer are all in the Nurse's Corps to make Waynesboro well represented in that branch of the service.

Dimple Kite was a cute secretary for two weeks. The third week her boss married her.

Allan Lonas has made quite a success in the field of science. He now heads Westinghouse research.

Graham Driver got out of grade school in seven years, high school in four, but she hasn't finished college yet.

Mrs. Calvin Via has settled down after twenty years and has a contented family of four.

Twenty years ago we said, "If at first you don't

succeed, try, try, again. "Lois Aldrich proved that there are exceptions to all rules. She isn't married yet, but has reached the half-way mark.

June Chandler got so tired of saying, "Suh", that she has lived in Buffalo for 15 years.

Virginia Rogers is now a national lecturer on English literature.

Watson Lonas, finding life in the United States too dull, went back to the beautiful girls on the New Hebrides Islands.

Mac Terry has lost so much money to Woodie Herron that he has now become a professional poker player.

Casanova Johns is working twice as hard as any other business executive; he has a secretary on both knees.

Allan Haden is making a fortune on his orchard and has just bought the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

Miss Bush (Sutherland) was such a good history teacher that Bill Dameron and Ernest Kern are now famous historians trying to find fault with Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates.

Mary Ann Trieschmann is keeping up her record of falling in and out of love twice a year.

Ann Best has married a millionaire and is now a prominent socialite in New York.

Elizabeth Coffey has just inherited an automobile factory that sells nothing but maroon convertibles.

Mable Burnette, who thought she might be a secretary, is a part owner of the Lillette Beauty Shop.

The on and off affair—Jackie Fitzgerald and Tiny Rexrode.

Jackie Quick took a nursing course so she can be a nurse to the F. M. S. cadets since she is too old to date them now.

Juanita Myrtle is still going through life asking silly questions that get dumb answers.

Charlotte Taylor, who has spent two-thirds of her life at Bar's ten-cent store has finally decided to spend the other third at Roses'.

Miss Squires has given up the hard job as a commercial teacher; Charlene Morris has taken over the fight.

Mrs. Marion Drummond, the former Miss Jean Pittman, is enroute to Drummond's Island in the Pacific. Her husband has been stationed on the island for so long, they decided to rename it after him.

Betty Plummer is having her trouble cooking food for her father in his cafe. Food is so plentiful now, she hardly knows how to handle it.

Wanda Talley, the glamour girl for M.G.M.,



hasn't lost a bit of her beauty. She's still as attractive as ever.

Author Jean Reeves is writing a book about all the famous poets, entitled "Goodlooking Poets I Wish I Had Known."

Violet Tanner is still trying to figure out how to make short people grow tall.

Ann Yancey is making a study of high blood pressure to see if she really had it in her younger

days or if it was just a new heart throb. Maybe this is really it.

Virginia Saunders, who was a waitress at Orkney Springs during the summer, now has the job as head waitress and sees that others do their work right.

Bob Burns has now taken over the radio program of the original Arkansas Traveler, Bob Burns, and is still slinging the corn.



## America to Me

HANNAH MOORE, *Senior*

America means to me—  
Home with Mom and Pop,  
the pets, the  
rock garden, the fish pool,  
the trees, and the dewy  
green grass studded  
with flowers—  
The many different houses,  
colonial, modern, gingerbread—  
The sky where the only shadows  
are those which precede a storm  
and those of the night—  
An occasional airplane  
with silver wings—  
The blunt red building  
where we go to school—  
basketball, tennis,  
softball, and gym—  
and most of all  
the friends we know  
in the hall of learning—

good friends—dear friends—  
and our daily loves—  
The athletic boy who  
earns his letter as easily as  
snapping his fingers, or the  
boy who tries every sport but  
fails by a little—  
The girls who know our faults  
and don't like us,  
or the girls who are  
our best friends—  
The Royal Cafe better known as "Nick's"  
so forbidden by the professor,  
but which still holds  
a certain fascination for  
all the kids—shy or bold—  
The town's main theatre—  
very nice—and very slow  
in getting the pictures we  
want to see—



The streets of the town  
where, unlike big cities,  
you can always find someone  
you know—

The bowling alley with the  
jeep and a few couples dancing—  
the round tables in the front  
windows with the initials of  
all who sat there—cadets,  
school boys, school girls, sailors,  
soldiers—

The swimming holes where  
we congregate in summer  
to swim, to talk, and to bathe  
in the sun—

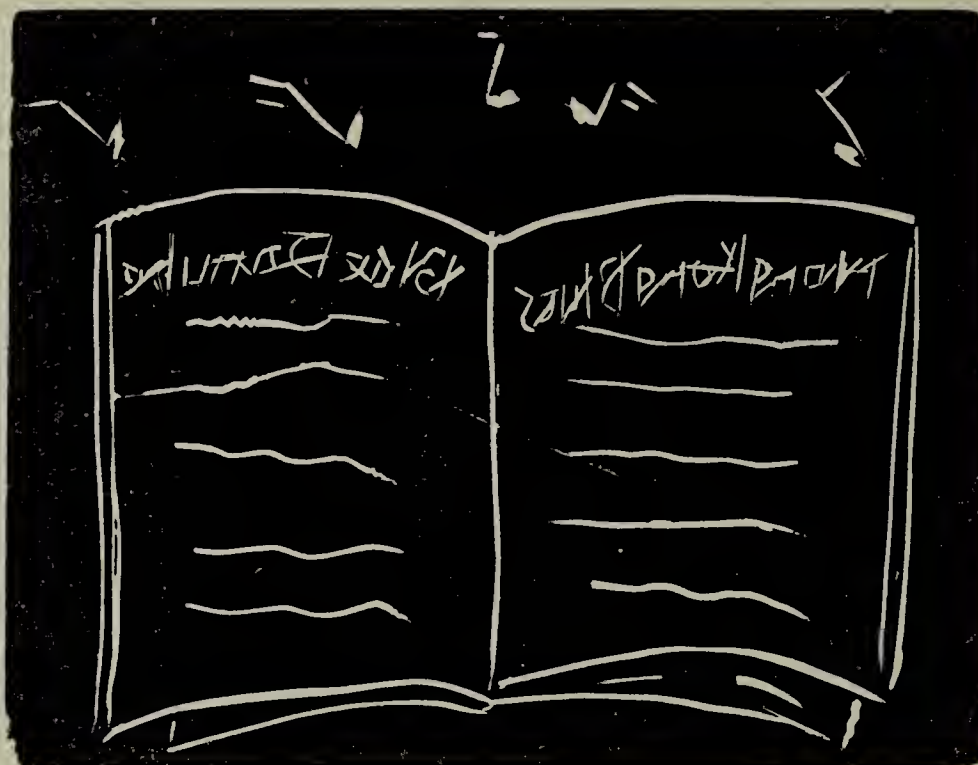
Mountain Lake—though artificial—  
very cold and the cleanest water we

know—the second diving pier  
where we jump a little—dive  
a little—and sun ourselves a  
great deal—

The ball park where some  
of us go to see the boring  
games of the civic leagues and  
to get a headache from the  
sun which glares at us  
during the game—

The church on Sundays—  
cool and calm—though  
full of people—nice people,  
rich, poor, and mediocre—

These are the things that  
add up to our everyday life  
which means America to me.



## Music

BINFORD CHEW, *Sophomore*

Music is a beautiful thought,  
Without it life would be bare.  
Music is a melody sought,  
By only those who care.

Music is a way to express  
The emotion we sometimes feel.  
It adds new luster to the day.  
It makes your senses reel.

Music is what we make it,  
It can be beautiful and slow.  
It can be soft and melancholy,  
Ever humming sweet and low.

Music can also be played  
As jazz in the modern rime.  
But the old masters' compositions  
Will last 'til the end of time.





## Self-Consciousness

JANET ALTICE, *Sophomore*

It was after school at the corner drug store. All the kids were going there for their afternoon sodas. They were all happily yelling and talking to each other, not caring particularly what the people on the street thought.

After they had gone, a small quiet girl came down the street very slowly. I would say she was about fourteen or fifteen, but she was not like the other girls with their clanging bracelets and nice clothes.

As she passed the drug store she looked enviously at the girls and boys who were dancing to the juke-box and sipping sodas. She hesitated at the door. Just then a late group of girls came down the street and into the store. They laughed a hearty laugh as they reached the door. The small girl thought they were laughing at her. She turned away slowly and went on her way, thinking in her heart that she was the ugliest thing in the world.

## The Life and Personality of a Leaf

BILL MANEY, *Sophomore*

A leaf gets its life and personality from the tree on which it grows. Therefore you can say that the leaf is like the child of the mother tree. When the leaf begins to grow it is green and it stays this way until it turns red, then brown, and then it falls off the tree. The latter is the most conspicuous detail of its life. The average age of a

leaf is about six months. The life lasts from spring until the middle of autumn.

When the wind blows the leaf throws itself around and flutters. When it is going to rain, the leaf turns over. The personality of a leaf is much like that of a nervous person who is always moving about and is never still.



# Essay on Team Spirit

BINFORD CHEW, *Sophomore*

"Come on team, fight!" Every one on the bleachers is cheering loudly. The cheer leaders are jumping up and down trying to lead cheers in all the excitement. The score is 20-20, with two minutes left in the fourth quarter. The ball is taken "out-of-bounds" by the opposing team. A short pass is intercepted by one of our forwards. It's a goal! Two points! The timekeeper's whistle shrills clearly over the roar of the crowd. It's over! We've won by one goal.

Most of the spectators start easing their way forward in the dense crowd. A few are milling about the center of the court, comparing the results with last year's game.

The team goes wearily towards the locker room, a smile of satisfaction encircling each sweat-lined face.

What won the game? Team spirit. What is team spirit? Team spirit is each player working together for a single purpose, working as a team and not as individuals. One person alone can't

win a game. It takes co-operation on the part of each player.

The newspaper will laud the high-scoring forward, and the guards, coach and other forwards may be forgotten. They, too, have worked tedious hours for many days to master such skillful plays.

If each player wanted to win the game alone, the team would probably lose a game which would have been easy to win.

Team spirit is not only working together but also being a good sport, a good loser as well as a good winner. You must not even hold a private grudge against the victors. Being friendly to opposite teams, whether you are on your home court or not, is always appreciated and remembered by the other team.

Not only in basketball, but all through life the human race has to work as a team. The whole world has to work together with the same understanding of the task ahead. It will take teamwork to win and hold the peace, just as it takes teamwork to win a basketball game.

## Song

FLORA LARSEN, *Sophomore*

Our world is singing;  
Singing songs of joy and mirth,  
Songs of love and care,  
Singing that will echo through the earth,  
Lasting where all else is bare.  
Yet there are some who cannot gladly sing,  
The hearts are ever heavy,  
Their ears with war sounds ring.  
For them there is no joyful song,  
Their eyes have seen dread death;  
The struggle has been hard and long.

For these we must a song create  
And start them on their way;  
They make us more appreciate

The things we have today.  
The rights for which our fathers fought,  
Freedom, land, and happiness,  
All this has work and struggle wrought,  
To form a land of peaceful bliss.

Our thoughts can be expressed in song,  
Though sorrowful or glad.  
We all can be refreshed by song,  
The joyful and the sad.  
Then let us lift our voices,  
Let our glad tidings ring,  
We have fought and won, again.  
For this, let us sing!



# I Died Last Night

RUTH LUCAS, *Sophomore*

I died last night, not in body but in soul.  
My body was warm, but yet my heart was cold.  
I knew no joy upon arising today,  
For all of my hopes had been torn away.

Out in the Pacific, last night, a boy was killed,  
My heart once full, now was not filled.  
My mind grew numb, no feelings I knew,

I knew that my free happy life was through.

No more happy days to relive days gone by,  
No more nights to remember, hopes raised so high,  
I'll still live, I'll go on and try to be bright,  
But through these hard days, remember, I died  
last night.



## Am I a Good Daughter?

SALLY ELLIS, *Sophomore*

First, you must decide what your family considers a good daughter.

In the eyes of your mother a good daughter would probably be a very uninteresting creature—a shy little soul who hurried home after school every day to help her mother with the work. She would get all "A's" in school, or at least the highest grades possible for her meek and innocent little mind. She would keep her childish clothes just "spic and span." Her room would be tidy, and the walls free from any pictures of Van or Frankie. She would save her allowance, instead of spending it on what mother calls "trash." But anyone who tries to follow her mother's idea of a perfect daughter, would, in my opinion, live a very dull and boring life.

A father considers a good daughter someone who helps her mother with the work. A girl who isn't always asking her father for extra money (whether she gets it or not). In order that your father consider you a good daughter, you must learn to be kind to your *dear* little brother. Fathers always appreciate this the most.

I don't think anything a girl can do will ever suit her brother. But, if I was going to be a good daughter, I would be nice to my brother. I would never bother anything that belonged to him or ask to wear his clothes.

Anyone who follows all of the rules of being a good daughter would certainly lead a hen-pecked life.





## A Freshman's Impression of High School

FRANCES ELLEN COLEY, *Freshman*

After having completed five and a half months of high school, it would be natural that many impressions have been made upon my mind, and although I have most of my high school education before me, I like to look back upon my first days as a high school student and compare those days with the present.

Well do I remember my first day as a student at W.H.S.! I was late, and I saw familiar heads bent over forms concerning age, number of years in school, etc. As I entered what was to be our homeroom, Miss Wise greeted me and I took a seat. The form finally filled out was left in Miss Wise's care and I hurried to join the class on a tour of the building. The only other thing I remember was the laughing faces of the jolly Juniors and Seniors. How I wished at that time—and still do, as a matter of fact—that I might trade places with one of them! By the end of the next week I was ready for my coffin, or at least I thought so. My

locker just wouldn't work and many times I stood, during those first few weeks, shaking with fear because I just knew I'd be late for a class, when some obliging upper-classman would come along and work the old combination for me. No wonder I stand in such awe of them, now! And those steps, up and down, up and down, until I wondered how on earth I could lift those poor, suffering "dogs" again.

Due to a slight change in my course, I have two classes in which I am the only Freshman, and it was just too much for me at first to see the girls having regular get-togethers in one corner and the boys playing with the things on the teacher's desk. Mind you, I'm not criticising. Indeed I enjoy sitting back and taking it all in.

I am the slowest mortal on this earth. Anyone who knows me very well will testify to that, and when it was announced that three minutes would be allowed for dressing for Physical Ed., my heart



bounced to my toes and stayed there. Well, I'm not the fastest yet, but four years of such rushing will certainly qualify me for entrance to the Olympic Games.

One of my greatest fears upon entering high school was the hazing or initiation or whatever you want to call it, and, believe me, when the thumping among the boys started, I didn't lose any time in checking my own behavior and showing the

fact that I acknowledged the superiority of the upper-classmen, sophs, oh I'm sorry, Sophomores included.

What do I think of the W.H.S. now? Why she's the best high school in the State! I like the students, the teachers, everything, and I'm looking forward, eagerly to the day when I'll be the mighty senior looking down on the little freshman.

## Securing the Peace

ANN GREAYER, *Sophomore*

It is up to us, the next generation, to keep this a friendly and peaceful world. We should first strive to overcome the obstacles of race discrimination right here in our own country. We can never hope to have a peaceful world if, here in the one country that's supposed to be free for everyone, we literally sneer at the first Negro, Greek, Italian or Chinese who gets a job that's a little better than ours. Until we overcome this, all the conferences, peace treaties and plans or anything else won't keep the peace.

We should continue trade and commerce with nations all over the world and not become isolated as though this were the queen of all nations and no one would dare bother us. That is the easiest way on earth to start wars. There is no race or nation that is better than all the rest. Maybe one nation is a little farther advanced in civilization than another but that doesn't make them any better. God created everyone to be equal and until we learn that and learn it well, we may just as well prepare to fight again in the ten or twenty years.

No one person, race or nation wants to feel that another is lording it over them, and so long as there is that feeling in any nation, they're going to fight to be free.

Right now in China, after all the horrible years of war they've just been through, they've started fighting among themselves. Until our own and other nations that are democratic can get together and send teachers to the Axis nations to educate these people for peace, the world will always be torn up somewhere by war.

All the militarism in Germany and Japan will have to be stopped. All the young people there of our own ages know nothing about the ways of democracy. They, as well as their parents, will have to re-educated.

We have a huge and seemingly uncrossable barrier between us and lasting peace, but if we all work together, we can cross this barrier as easily as we have crossed others in the past.

## Spring is Coming

MINNIE GAY KIBLER, *Freshman*

Spring is not far off from now,  
Though our weather has been pretty foul.  
Soon you'll see the buds appear;  
Soon the sky will turn blue and clear.

Then you'll see them all blooming;  
Later you'll be busy pruning.

They'll look so beautiful in a vase,  
With their beautiful petals and laughing face.

Soon the birds will come from the south,  
Singing merrily and fluttering about.  
They'll look so graceful flying there,  
In the peaceful, warm, spring air.



# Why Representatives Get Gray

MARGARET ARMENTROUT, *Freshman*

"There will be a meeting of class officers promptly at three o'clock," blurts forth the loud-speaker in a for-once quiet math class. Oh! woe is me, because I am included in that.

When finally the bell for dismissal sounds forth, I dash down the steps, telling myself to hurry, hurry, but Miss Bennett changes my mind by guiding me by the arm to sit in her room ten minutes for running in the hall.

"Well," I tell myself, "what a jolly mess you're in."

After a horrible ten minutes there, I swish to my locker, trying frantically to locate pencil and notebook when some bright guy decides to close my locker, which I have difficulty in reopening.

Well! fifteen minutes of trouble over, I march

up to the library, only to find no one there. So I go down the halls, poking my head into every room, looking for the right place. After going to third floor and back, I remembered the old meeting is in room 102.

When I walk in, scared stiff for fear the teacher will explode, my notebook drops, catching everyone's attention.

Not knowing I am more than twenty minutes late, our leader calls forth, "Margaret will now give us a summary of things we have discussed." When I stall, she says cunningly, "You will please pay attention from now on."

I find later that the meeting has been centered around running in the halls and being late for classes!

# Fun in the Snow

ORA JUNE WADE, *Freshman*

You wake up on a crisp morning, hop out of bed and go down to a nice hot breakfast, get dressed and then you're off to school. You go through the regular routine at school all day.

In the afternoon, after the last bell has rung, you get in a nice conversation with a group of friends about going coasting. When you at last part, you have made the decision. You are to meet on a near-by hill, which has been blocked off for coasting, about seven-thirty. The "gang" is to go to Pinkie's house afterward for hot cocoa and sandwiches. You go home, do your homework, and help fix supper.

After supper you run upstairs to get dressed for coasting. When at last you have finished and are ready to go, you go downstairs, get your sled, tell everyone good-bye and you are off. When you get to the hill the "gang" has already made a fire and is roasting hot dogs.

Soon you're sailing down the hill on the sled. All of a sudden you hit a bump and "bang," you've landed on the ground.

When you get up you feel as if you have been hit by a cyclone. You look to make sure you still are in one piece. After the decision has been made you are ready to start off again. You go up the hill pulling your sled behind you.

As you reach the top of the hill, you decide you are hungry. You go over by the fire and sit down to eat a hot dog. Just as you are finishing, a very important friend asks you if you want to try coasting again. Naturally, you are so thrilled you feel as though you are in heaven dancing on a pink cloud. After you have calmed yourself so that you won't sound so excited, you agree.

When it is time to go to Pinkie's for hot cocoa and sandwiches, everyone starts off happy and very cold after lots of fun in the snow.



# My Favorite Winter Sport

PEGGY GLENN, *Freshman*

Oh, for the thrills of a basketball game! The tense excitement of it all can make one bite away all of the prized finger nails. The surrounding competitive air puts everyone on pins and needles, but oh, what fun it is!

The earsplitting cheers of the excited students on the bleachers show our spirit. Many are the teachers and adult visitors, fans, themselves at heart, who cannot imagine so much noise from so few people. But they, too, have something more to hear as the teams come out on the floor. A mighty cheer rising from the bleachers like a clap of thunder until even the rafters ring, sends many a protecting finger to suffering ears.

By the time the game is well in progress you're beginning to get hoarse and wonder if you'll be able to speak for a week. Crowded into an incredibly small space on the bleachers, with someone pushing against each shoulder you suddenly begin to melt. That seat gets so hard that you think you're going right on through.

When that super shot is made from mid-court, it's just impossible to keep from jumping up and down, and down go those mittens to the bottom of the bleachers.

After the game, disappointed or hilariously happy, you're tired and worn out, but it was a wonderful game. You enjoyed yourself, and found something to talk about for weeks.

## An Experience

MARY ANN MYRTLE, *Freshman*

I was sitting in Sunday School in a very happy frame of mind when the last announcement was made. The lady who usually kept the nursery was out of town, and a volunteer for keeping the children would be appreciated. My teacher's eye fell on me and soon I was trudging toward the nursery.

I went into the nursery room, and as I entered the door, a very tiny child started crying at the top of his voice. I told his mother to go on to

church, so she did. Then about three others started crying. I tried to pick all of them up and carry them, but I found that impossible.

As soon as I got one quiet, another one would start yelling. I looked in the closet and there I found two boxes of cookies. That was the end of my worries. It really got my children quiet. I don't know how the parents liked it when the children wouldn't eat any dinner, but anyway it ended a lovely morning for me.

## On Reading of a Lost City

BILLY DAMERON, *Senior*

Far to the west of the sun and beyond,  
Is the long lost city of Kara-gon.  
Great, green mountains, capped with snow,  
Lend an aura of strength to the city below.  
Tall, slim spires, rising far into the sky,  
Cast their dark shadows on the lakes nearby.  
Who built this city of beauty and grace  
And left it a lonely and forgotten place?  
The streets are empty and the fires are cold,  
This city is dead and has lost its soul.  
Its soul was its people; its strength, their blood.  
Now, its only protectors are the mountains above.

They were giants, these builders of centuries past,  
But the sands of time were flowing too fast.  
Time, alone, is victorious over all,

Soon for them, their star would fall.  
Somewhere, someone, marked an account closed,  
And a race of builders went into repose.  
They lingered not in painful decline,  
But passed quickly from the pages of time.  
A moment of glory and then they were gone  
Like a wisp of dust, which pauses and passes on.  
But pity not those who in the shadows dwelt,  
But only those who remained after their star fell.  
We pity the moth's degeneracy and shame,  
But we too are moths deprived of our flame.  
So ponder this wisely, foolish man,  
Many proud nations lie buried in the sands.  
We too are but men and we will fall,  
We will stumble and fade, and the sands will  
cover all.





## Thoughts of Home

CHARLES CAMPBELL, *Senior*

A gesture made  
By a tropical sea,  
Beckoning, beckoning,  
Still calling for me.

A swaying canoe,  
An enchanting thought,  
Memories of you  
This night hath brought.

A cry in the night!  
'Twas words of fear,  
The sounds of a fight  
Brought very near.

The silence was shattered.  
The moon turned away.  
The night was battered  
By sounds of the fray.

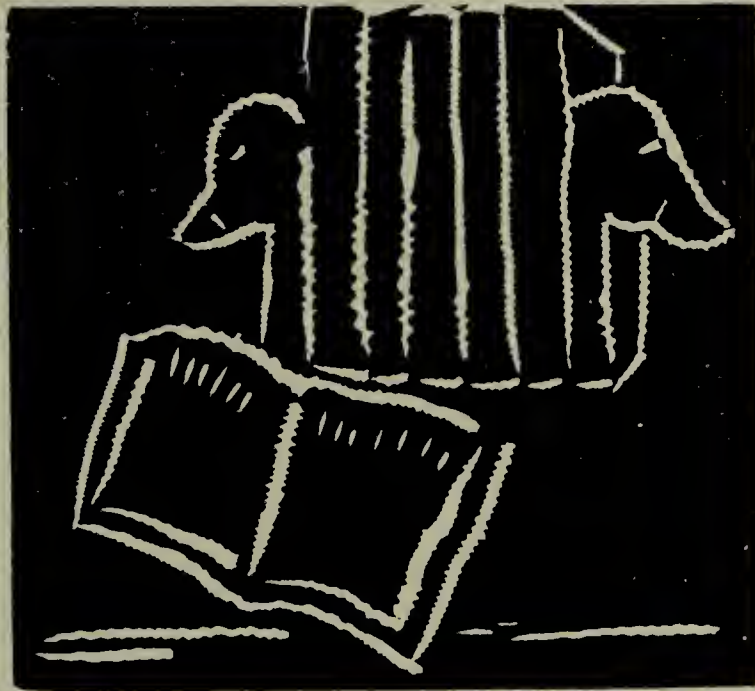
The battle raged,  
My fever mounted.  
Like one incaged,  
The minutes I counted.

The thoughts of you  
Breaking at last  
Were pushed into the blue,  
Dreary and dreamy past.

Over this wide earth  
I might roam,  
But all my thoughts will  
Always be of home.

But the gesture is still made  
By that tropical sea,  
Still beckoning, beckoning,  
Forever calling to me.





## Books That Rule

CHARLES CAMPBELL, *Senior*

Books, books, eternal books. Books will live down through the ages. My life is made up and ruled by books—books of war, books of peace; books of love, books of hate; books of happiness, books of sorrow; books of care; books of fear; all these make up my entire life.

I have lived and died in books. I have fought in great battles in these books and not always on one side. During these wars I would be in any army I choose. In the age of chivalry, I was a knight in King Arthur's Round Table; a

pioneer in the early plays of my country; a messenger at Valley Forge; a flag bearer with General Lee; a scout in 1898; a sailor in 1812; a sergeant in 1917; a tank commander in 1943; I have fought with Germans and Russians and others.

I have even ventured into the fiery depths of Hell and into the happiness of Paradise. I have had disappointments of love and took refuge in hate. It is all very easy; I just pick out the way I want to live and read it and I shall live it.

## Memory Time

JO ANN YOUNT, *Senior*

When evening shadows dim the light of days  
And twilight comes on the wings of night,  
Then memory steals into the din of today  
And recalls time long gone from sight.

Days have come and gone and been forgotten,  
But when the cloak of memory falls,  
It wanders through those childhood days  
And lingers till another time calls.

It brings to light the first and happiest love

When time was only a word instead of something  
passing by,  
Bringing life of the future that does not last  
until tomorrow;

But 'til the day when we will die.

And so memory brings lasting happiness  
In the world of dreams and thought.

It turns back the grim reality  
And brings the dreams we sought.





## The Piano Player

JEAN REEVES, *Senior*

The girl got out of the taxi into the crisp snow and walked up the steps to the shabby little train station. She walked up to the time table and took note that the train was twenty minutes late. But what's twenty minutes after you've waited two years for a man? She then walked over to the nearest seat. She took out her wallet; the name Nora Blake was engraved on it.

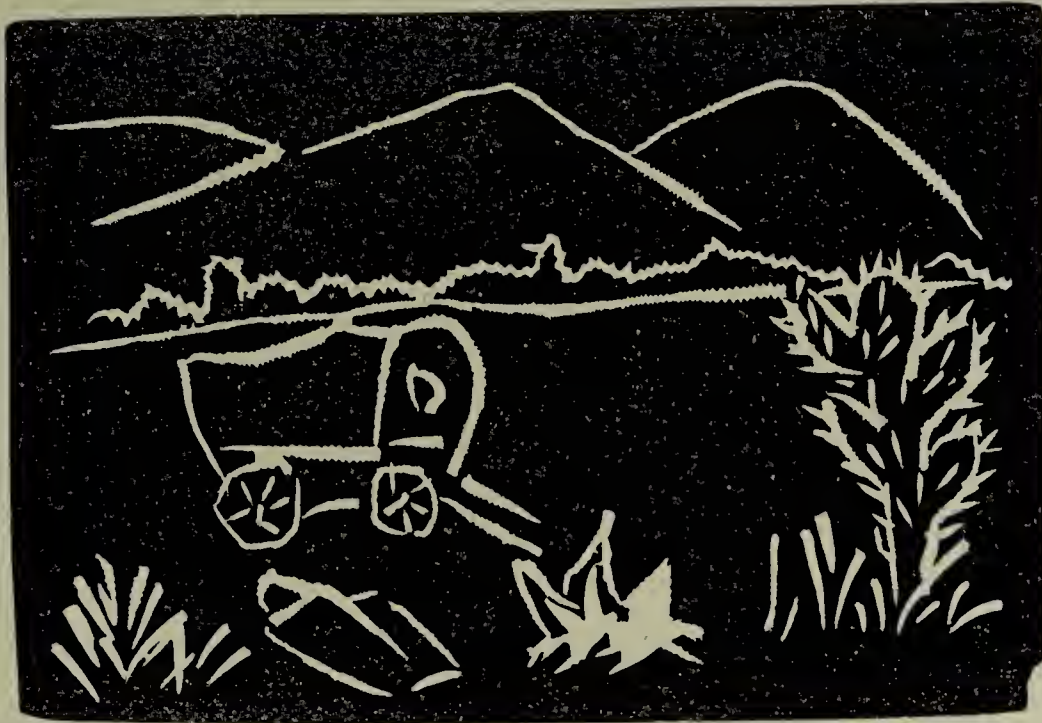
Nora then looked at her watch. Three minutes had passed—seemed like three hours. As she sat there, her thoughts raced over the past three years.

She remembered coming to Sommers, starting life on her own. She did get a job but lived a lonely life until she met Bill Blake, a soldier who had a fifteen-day leave before going overseas. She remembered how it had been a whirl-wind mar-

riage. How much they didn't know about one another! She did know how Bill loved to play the piano. It was the second love of his life. In the few days they were together, he would sit for hours and play for her. It made her feel warm all over to remember all this. Then she shuddered to think of the good-bye. It was at this same station. And then the airmail letter everyday for a while—then the great lapse when no letters came and the days seemed endless.

Nora turned cold all over because there was the train whistle. Bill would be here in a matter of minutes. The train came to a stop. A crowd of people got off. Then a young man got off with two hooks in place of two hands. Nora ran to him laughing and crying all at the same time.



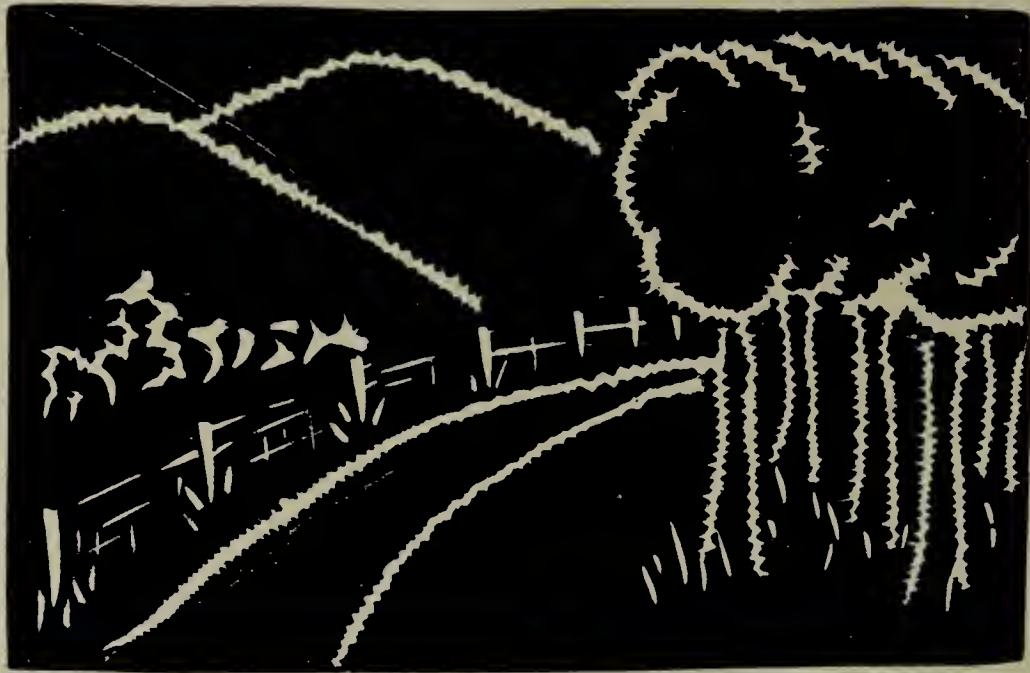


## The West

RICHARD REID, *Senior*

Near the Great Lakes I did wander  
When the corn grows way up yonder,  
Where fat cattle are driven to market  
From down south, down Texas way,  
Up the Missouri from St. Louis  
Where they write the Blues.  
To the wheat land of the Northwest,  
Where the grain grows o'er my head;  
Where prairie fires rage miles and miles,  
There a man seldom smiles.  
From dawn to dusk he fights the fire  
Plowing furrows to check its fury.  
Unless rain doth fall,  
He will lose his crop, lose it all.  
Onward westward toward the Rockies,  
Great mountains of the West,  
On through the forest to the seacoast,  
Down the streams and across the lakes,  
Travel I in my canoe.  
Down from Oregon I travel,

Ever southward till I reach the Rio Grande,  
Where the citrus fruits do grow.  
This country crowded so  
I journey back toward the East.  
As I wonder o'er hill and desert  
Over dry and dusty lands,  
I pass where Indians grow their gardens  
To fill their caches for winter larder.  
Here they water plants from ditches  
In which flows the purest water.  
From here I travel north again through  
The salt mines of Colorado to the ranches further  
on.  
In the North I met with nature's fury riding on  
the crest of the wind.  
In a storm called cyclone, I nearly came unto my  
end.  
And that is all of my adventures,  
Of all my travels through weather warm and cold  
That I will to your ears unfold.



## The Land I Love

JO ANN YOUNT, *Senior*

America, land of opportunity, beckons her writers to tell her what she means to them.

She knows that in her vast domain many people live, big men, little men, fat men, thin men, all a part of her.

She tells them: Speak and tell; or if shy, write in poem or story form just what I mean to you.

Many answer her with poems and stories in voices trembling, and here another one begins.

America, you are a storyteller's dream of wide plains stretching to mountains on every side of them.

On these plains, many of your people live, subject to thoughts, of how they love you—their country.

America, these are your people; but nay, I am not a dweller of the plains, but I love you also.

In the mountains where there are the barn dances of the hillbillies who also love you.

The people dwell in your high spots, America, and they are friends to your birds and forest animals.

America, these too are your people; but, nay, I am not one of them. I am not a dweller of the high spots, but I love you also.

The seashore is where many people live in the summer, where your people play and relax for a few weeks.

The seashore also is a place where huge numbers of your fish live, many of which are caught and sold.

America, these too are your people; but, nay, I am not one of them. I am not one of your water sprites, but I love you also.

The valleys, closed in by the huge mountains surrounding them, here, America, my people live—the city people, farmers, orchard owners, and others.

America, these too are your people; and yea, I am one of them. I am one of your valley dwellers, and I love you very much.

I love you because you are a free country, where I may worship Him who made us both and where I may talk to whom I please.

I love you because you have different races who are all in the same class, who all have the same opportunities, and who can work where and when they please.

I love you because you offer to your people an education in schools built by free Americans for free Americans so that they too may enjoy being educated.



Your farmers, America, many who are my friends,  
are proud of you, America—proud of the soil  
which is part of every true farmer.

Americanism—a word which means freedom—is  
set up in a short definition so that others  
may understand and feel what it is to be  
Americanized and to be proud of you, Amer-  
ica.

America, my meaning may not be so clear in the  
paragraphs on these pages, but you mean a  
lot to me.

America, you are the running brooks, the tall  
green trees, the valleys, the mountains, and  
the people who inhabit them.

America, you are all this and more that I cannot  
put into words; but to sum up what you  
mean to me, I can say, America, you are  
FREEDOM.

## When Did You Last See Your Father?

MARY SUE GOCHENOUR, *Senior*

The poem was written about the famous paint-  
ing, "When Did You Last See Your Father?" The  
son of a French king is tried after his father  
escaped from the coming rebellion.

A little boy stands forlorn and alone.  
His eyes of youth wander sadly—  
Arms crossed in back, legs straddled afar,  
A little boy of barely six.

Men's voices boom to and fro,  
But only one crying heart is in that room—  
A heart of love—a heart of truth—  
A heart of crying, "What shall I do?"

\* \* \* \* \*

We played together only yesterday.  
He told me stories daring and true.  
We wandered on over fields so free—  
We hunted ducks—I only watched.

Once he told me, "Never to cry."  
Once he told me, "Always be brave."  
Never fear that life will end;  
Never feel alone."

That morning we played—  
He seemed oh, so nervous.  
I heard the maid cry, "'Twas such a shame  
They hate him so!"

And then that night, so cold and heartless,  
He came to me.

He told me it must happen.  
He held me tight, turned, and went.

I ran after—crying, "Oh! No!"  
He stopped—smiled.  
I knew he was right.  
He must go.

In tears I saw the handsome figure  
Disappear in the darkness.  
The last I saw the long black cape  
Flowing determinedly in the wind.

The horse neighed twice. He gave a shout,  
The hidden gate slowly revolved.  
Hoof beats heard were drowned by the rain.  
I closed the door and wandered back.

\* \* \* \* \*

A little boy sits forlorn and alone.  
His eyes of youth wander sadly,  
Arms crossed in back, legs straddled afar,  
A little boy of only six.

The men sit staring.  
The room grows tense.  
The booming words—so heartless, so cruel—are  
"When did you last see your father?"



## We Freshmen

EVA OWENS, *Freshman*

We Freshmen are just little folks,  
Who have to laugh at Seniors jokes,  
And unless we want a painful walk;  
We have to listen to Juniors talk.  
The Sophomores, just a year ahead,  
You'd think were ready for pre-med.  
But just remember, not very long past,  
You too were Freshmen, just in our class.  
We'll soon be Juniors and Seniors too;  
Then we may even laugh at you.

## The Spirit

JEAN ANN COPPER, *Freshman*

A rabble of echoes and shouts rang out through the halls as the changing of classes began. Locker doors banged as books were gathered for the next period. Feet were heard rushing to the classes, and then just as quickly as it began, the noise ceased, except for the few late stragglers.

There was one such straggler walking toward the classroom, unnoticed by anyone else. He was a tall, sun-browned figure with wavy, blonde hair, and keen, black eyes. These eyes looked from one room to another, down through the halls—past rows and rows and rows of lockers. Strange that no one saw him, for less than a year ago he had

been rushing from class to class just as they were doing. No—no one saw him now, for, you see, he was invisible—a spirit who had come back to visit these halls he had known so well.

His footsteps reached the office located on the first floor. There nearly four years ago he had registered as a Freshman in this high school.

Passing the office, he glanced into the gym, now filled with boys practicing basketball. Then he, too, had worn the scarlet trunks and white shirt in many a game against opposing teams from other high schools. As he watched them play, a smile gleamed across his face. These were indeed lucky fellows, for they had a long time to play and be happy.

Through the halls he passed on. There were the Latin, algebra, geometry, and chemistry classes. The same teachers were instructing them. At the desks he saw the faces of many acquaintances—both boys and girls—and, yes, there was Johnny, continually teasing the girl in front of him, paying no attention to the short, red-faced professor who was beating himself on the head in his French gestures.

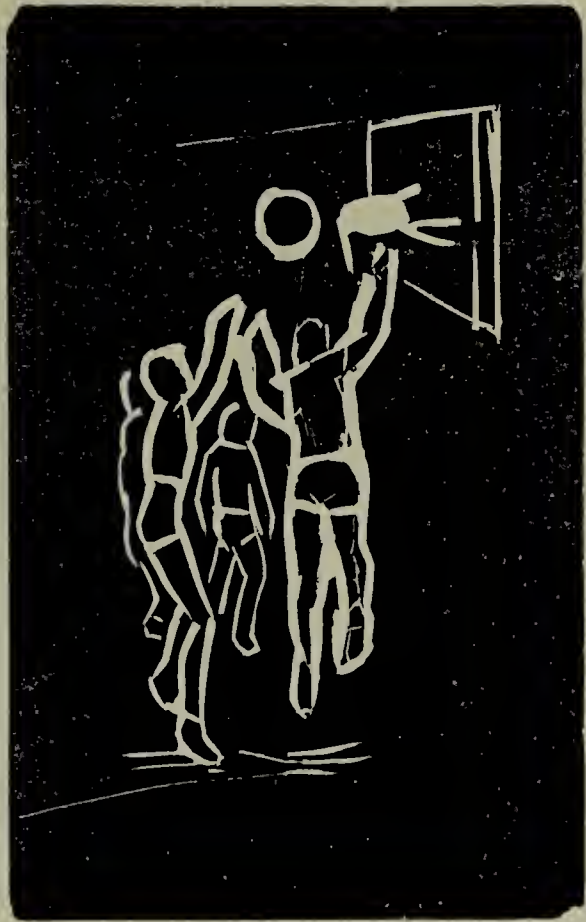
Inside the library he saw and handled the books that were so familiar under the touch of his fingers. Fiction, romances, and biographies all stood neatly stacked on the shelves—dead like himself.

He saw many new faces that day too, and many old, familiar scenes—the scramble in the lunch-line, the rush to classes, the constant vigilance of the teachers, all had once been a part of him.

Was it all gone now, or was the sense of freedom still living in these others? Now he is the past, and these the future. Will they live up to the high standards of the democracy for which he gave his life?







## The Championship Game

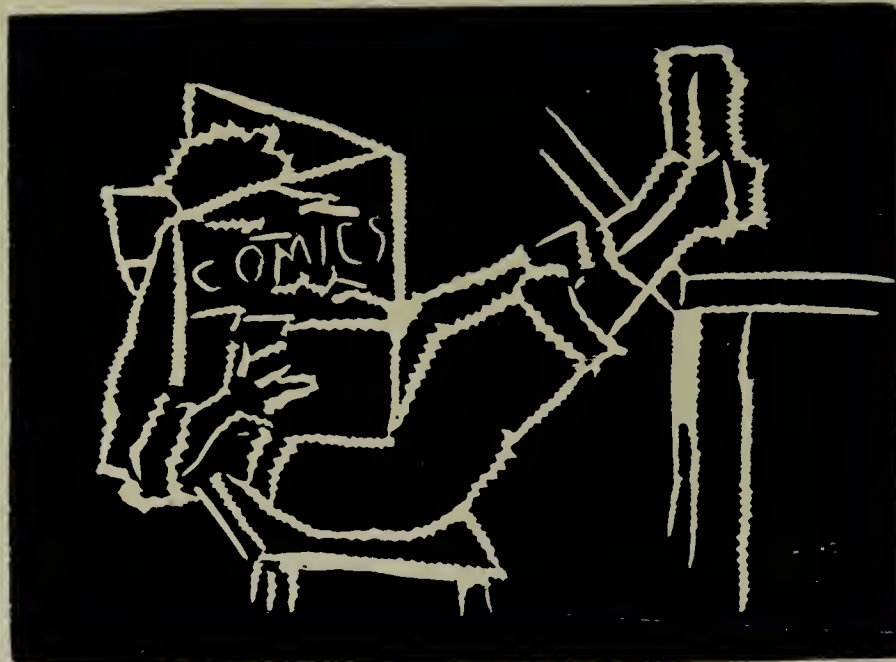
DICK LOVEGROVE, *Freshman*

The exciting day had arrived! The game of the year between Jackson and Lee High Schools was to be played in the Lee gym to determine the champion team of the state. Both teams were uneasy because it was going to be a hard fight. This was to be a game in which both teams would have to shoot whenever they had a chance, because each point might mean victory or defeat. The game was scheduled for eight, but an hour earlier the Lee gym was full. Lee High's team came running out on the floor, as half the crowd booed and the other half cheered. When Jackson's players came out, the same thing happened. Both teams then started shooting and passing to warm up.

At eight sharp the whistle to start the game blew, as the players of both teams lined up. The referee threw the ball up, and Lee's center tipped it to a guard, who threw it to a forward who shot. Two points as Lee drew first blood! At the end of the half the score was Jackson nineteen, Lee, eighteen. The second string started practicing on the floor as the audience established friendly relations.

Ten minutes later the whistle blew to start the second half. A sudden hush fell over the audience as the jump was executed. Jackson got the jump this time and right away scored. Time after time both teams missed shots, so at the end of the third quarter the score was Jackson, twenty-eight, Lee, twenty-five. It looked bad for Lee, but at the end of the game the score was tied,—thirty-one to thirty-one. The two coaches, the referee, and the time-keeper decided on a three-minute play-off. Suddenly an over-anxious Jackson guard fouled a Lee forward, as the latter tried for goal. The referee blew the whistle and gave the forward two free shots. The forward seemed very cool as he took his position, although he knew if he missed, it might lose the game for his team. Missing the first one, he shot again, making the second good to put Lee one point in the lead.

A long, blasting whistle crowned Lee champion! The crowd roared out onto the court, some happy, some sad, but all pleased that they had witnessed a good game.



## Writing an English Theme

BERNARD HUNT, *Junior*

The time has come; it's one o'clock. You're in Miss Bush's class enjoying the pleasures of life slouching down in your seat with your feet propped up reading the funnies.

When the bell rings, you dash out in the hall asking every one what you have to do for English. Gosh. You have to write a theme and that means a pen and ink. So not having pen and ink, up you go to Miss Bush's room to borrow one. Well! Well! Kitty's in a mad mood again and I do mean again! So she gives you a sermon on you're "always borrowing." You don't get the pen. Time is passing swiftly so out you go into the hall again

and who would be passing but that cute little Sophomore that you've been eyeing. After warbling out your sweetest phrases of—tch tch (I would tell for an English teacher might not understand since you're such a young boy and so innocent looking). Well, you have the pen now, and off you come from the third floor with a thundering noise. You clatter up to Miss Greene's door and with a quick stop you meekly open the door and quietly tip to your seat. Then comes the crash; she tells everyone to begin the theme. You wrack your brain trying to think of something to write, but it just won't come. Well, that's all right; 'cause you just finished yours.

## Autumn Tranquillity

LANOMA BAKER, *Junior*

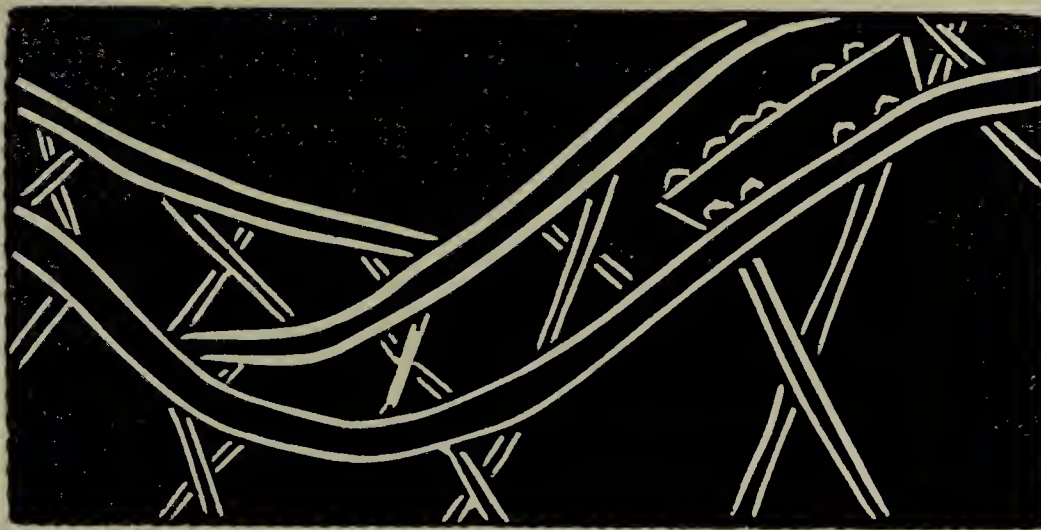
Once again the scenes of autumn flash before my eyes. I see most clearly the golden sunrise with fleecy clouds of pink and amber hanging in the rising mist. The birds awake and begin their songs to call all mankind to watch in the new day. In the distance a rooster crows a glad good morning. This is autumn peace.

My eyes scan the russet mountains and remember them, as in the spring, covered with new leaves and blossoms. The crimson and fading

trees meet my approval. The streams babbling in their worn crevices have the same nonchalant air that goes with autumn—the air that suggests everlasting peace.

And then the hush of autumn twilight, fading into night, blocks my vision. The pale sky, dimming into dusk, and the stars, peeping out one by one, add to the splendor of the by-gone day. I raise my eyes to the stars and thank God for giving us our autumn tranquillity.





## Life and a Roller Coaster

BILLY HITE, *Sophomore*

According to the hopes and prayers of all man, his life should be full of happiness and contentment, with smooth sailing until the end. But in spite of what he does to prevent anything disturbing this life, he has his "ups" and "downs" similar to those of a roller coaster.

At one time or another he is riding on a wave of exhilaration as compared with that of a roller coaster at the peak of its height. This may last

for quite awhile or it may end the ride suddenly, without notice, and life will be over.

Life is a number of "ups" and "downs", never in the same medium. As when we are on a roller coaster we have to make the best of the happiness that it offers for the moment, and take bravely the sorrow of the downward run. Always live for the time when our life will be at its greatest height as when on the roller coaster. Always look forward to the top and expect the things of life that come with the bottom not to last forever.

## Ain't Love Grand??????

LEONA ARMENTROUT, *Junior*

Ain't love grand? Gosh, gee, well, I mean—sure! Take for instance you—you with your short pleated skirt, "sloppy Joe" sweater, pigtailed, freckles, scuffed moccasins, and your bobby socks that make your legs look like tooth picks stuck in huge white marshmallows.

Jesabell is your name, but the gang all call you "Bell" for short (never letting it occur to you that they'd like to prefix "dumb" to it though, of course.) The guy you'd like for your O.A.O. is strickly hep, but he thinks you're a part of the classroom equipment or something like that because he never gives you more than the most casual of glances.

There's a dance Friday night, and it's going to be "on the beam." You'd surely like Johnny to cut a rug with at that "Loafer's Lope."

Here he comes now, and your heart skids right

down into your bobby socks and your toes simply turn up in ecstasy. You nearly die in admiration of that slick plaid shirt with the tail flapping along like a balloon under a gust of wind and hitting him just back of the knees of his rolled up dungarees. The purple socks and red leather moccasins are about the most heavenly color combination in existence. You could get positively poetic on his cute freckles and that adorable "skee ball" that's "out of this world." But to get back to the business at hand, stop and pick up your heart quick 'cause believe it or not that handsome casanova, that positively divine romeo, is halting by *your* locker into which you've hastily ducked your burning face. Overcoming the "bottoms up" demonstration you've given him as best he can, he clears his throat and in a froggy pitch croaks, "Hi, ya, sadsack!"

"Hello," your reply is slightly muffled, but he must have gotten the general drift 'cause he didn't ask you to "snow again."

"Goin' to the shuffle?"

You're nearly dying of heart failure, fright, and a constant fear of fainting at his royal size 10½ gunboats which if he'd have had any patriotism at all, he'd have turned into the fleet long ago. You get out a jerky "yeah." He thinks that over while you search in vain for a Spanish book which you definitely can't use in math class next hour.

You finally look up reluctantly and nearly keel out for fear that your "dream man" is going to kick off; for he has turned a bright tomato red and seems to have trouble with his breathing so

that had any one in first aid class been in the circle of giggling onlookers, he would have surely have started artificial respiration immediately. "Go with me?"—You're hardly conscious that you've blurted "Uh huh" and that he's gone until your "loyal" female friends congregate for an oration on the subject. One sarcastic imbecile, who never was quite bright in her choice of men—real he-men—ones like Johnny anyway, drawls, "Gosh, don't tell me you're dragging that drip!" You rally your shattered nerves that feel as if they've just had a beating from a Jap shore battery and sigh in your best Bette Davis voice, "But how could I help it? He practically swept me off my feet. Oh, how I love the cave man type!"



## The Eternal Cycle

LEONA ARMENTROUT, *Junior*

Over the silhouette of the drowsy mountains turned indigo now in the deepening shadows, slips silently and gently the dying embers of the sun, its last golden rays changing to scarlet as it fades away. Twilight drops a misty veil and darkness approaches.

Now the first stars peer out like mischievous children taking a forbidden peek on Christmas Eve. Suddenly they begin their merry dance on the vast carpet of sky like untold quantities of blue velvet unrolled for royal footsteps.

Yawning lazily, the majestic moon appears to take up its nocturnal vigil over the slumbering earth. It searches out the darkest corners with its mellow light, the silver beams soothing the tired minds of a world that has labored hard and is well deserving of the tranquillity that enfolds it. On

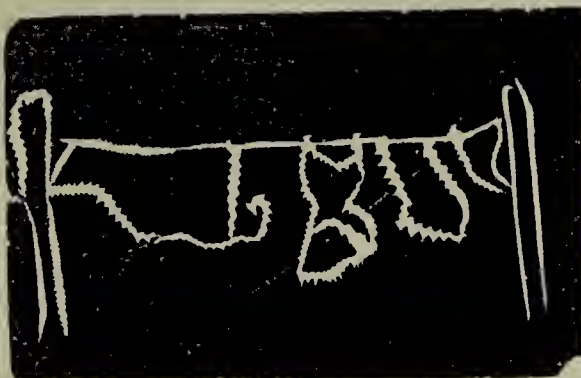
and on sails the moon until, as if suddenly reminded that one more night has passed, it drops abruptly and disappears.

Then comes dawn, and the coolness of the night turns to gentle warmth. Diamond dew drops glitter playfully, blinking moist eyes in consternation over their oncoming fate.

The first signs of the approaching day march ahead in warning of the mighty sun. Suddenly like a flaming ball of fire, it rolls over the tree tops, its intense heat parching the earth. Relentlessly it shrivels its innocent victims with its savage heat. Its merciless rays are a mighty force of destruction, until once more it sinks wearily over the darkening mountains.

Thus the eternal cycle goes on forever; kind in one phase; brutal in another; but all a part of the great master switch of Day and Night.





# This Is the Way They Wash Your Clothes

JOAN COYNER, *Junior*

The White-Clean Laundry truck drove up to Mrs. Smith's home. She had her laundry in a bag on the front porch with a list of the things she was sending to be washed. The list read as follows:

- 3 cotton dresses
- 2 linen tablecloths
- 8 dish towels
- 2 sheets
- 4 turkish towels

The truck driver ignored the list, picked up the bag of clothes, and dragged it down the stairs and across the sidewalk to the truck. He threw it into the back of the truck with such force the strings in the bag "popped."

The driver drove on through the city, down to the slum district right in front of the railroad yards. Here was a once white building, which had a smudgy black sign that read, "The White-Clean Laundry." He backed the truck up to the unloading door and waited while young boys unloaded his truck.

The boys took the laundry bags of the various customers and opened them over a chute. This chute let the clothes fall into what they call an acid bath. The clothes are run up and down in this solution until they look "eaten" enough. They

are then thrown into a machine which has huge iron jaws with moving iron teeth which grind and cut the clothes. Then they go through a Clorox solution to make them look white. Finally they reach the soapy water, then they are rinsed and put in the driers. Take notice that no starch was added. They are carried to a pressing room through another chute. Here huge, hot irons used by women press and scorch about every other piece. The clothes are lastly sent to the distribution center where more girls pick out clothes they think would be suitable for the various customers.

Mrs. Smith's laundry was returned two weeks later. When she read her list of the things she had sent and compared it with the list she got back she was very startled. The following items were returned to her.

- 2 cotton dresses size 50 (Mrs. Smith wears size 18).
- 1 cotton tablecloth and 1 linen one with tea stains on it.
- 6 dingy, ragged dish towels.
- 1 good sheet and 1 badly torn one.
- 3 turkish towels which she knew were Mrs. Jones'.

Then and there that day she resolved to do her own washing and ironing and never, never send it to a laundry again.



## A Symbol of Life

MARGARET CRITZER, *Junior*

Stopping to strike a match to his cigarette, a tall, stoop-shouldered man walked into the circle of light afforded by the street lamp. His face, in the shadow of his body, was momentarily lit up by the glow of the match. It was an intriguing face, one of deep lines and dark circles under the eyes. It was a ruggedly handsome face, placed on a well-shaped head, with dark brown hair above a broad forehead.

His body was bent; his shoulders were sloping as though they had borne a heavy load throughout life. He was tired, perhaps not so much physically as mentally. His whole person was one that gave the impression of great strength, and his countenance was that of a knowing person. Not book-knowledge, but a worldly-knowledge; a knowledge of people and triumph and success and failure.

Maybe he had been a soldier. Yes, that was it, surely. Nothing but a war; nothing but the knowledge that it was either kill or be killed could have etched such deep lines in the bronzed face. Death and disease, cold and hunger, sweat and death; all these things could have played a prominent role on the stage of the stranger's life.

But then again, perhaps his life had been a life of poverty; a life lived in the slums, where it was live and let live, every man for himself; a life of work, work twelve hours a day from six in the morning until six at night. It was a job that was twelve hours of slave labor, where the work was hard and the people you worked with even harder. Yes, maybe it was poverty that had caused the lines and the permanently stooped shoulders.



# Ads



# To the Senior Class of 1946



A beautiful vision is before you like a vista of a new day, and with gladness in your hearts enter into the road of life with courage and perseverance, without fear. A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented from making a first effort; who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. To do anything worth doing you must not stand back shivering and thinking of cold and danger, but jump in with the thought ever before you that you will succeed.

Good luck Seniors, and remember to swing onto a star.



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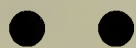
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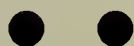
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Jim Butler

Jimmy Worth

Remember and  
a. i. French grades  
Peggy d.

Shirley Grant

Helen Manpin

Good luck  
Nancy Johnston

But Wishes  
Louis Spilman













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